Newport Mercury

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The Mercury.

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JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

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NEWPORT, R. I

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 265, Order Sons of St. George—Frederick Edney, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DANISH BROTHERHOOD—Eric Christensen President; Anton Christensen Secretary Meets second and fourth Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 6979, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dence, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Conklin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. E. Casey Sullivan, President; Miss B. M. Dennehey, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catherine Gillies; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Hempseed. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catherine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James H. Hampton, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 163—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 239, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

New York Yacht Club.

The harbor has been filled with the handsome vessels of the New York Yacht Club this week, a greater number of yachts having been in here on this regatta than for several years, but not as many as there used to be when the contests for the America's cup stimulated the interest in yachting. Although the cruise officially comes to an end this week it is certain that many of the yachts will remain in the harbor well into next week when the North Atlantic fleet is here.

The yachts arrived here from the westward last Saturday afternoon and remained at anchor over Sunday, many persons taking advantage of the opportunity to sail through the harbor on that day and get a view of the handsome craft at anchor. On Monday the fleet departed on its cruise to the eastward, returning to Newport Wednesday afternoon.

On Thursday the races for the Astor cups were sailed off Newport, and a good number of yachts took part in the contests. It was an excellent day for such an event, and many of the steam and sailing yachts followed the racers over the course. There was a brisk wind and the race was sailed in fast time. There were several minor accidents, three of the contestants carrying away topmasts or being otherwise damaged. Frederick F. Brewster's schooner Elmina was the winner in her class, as was expected, and Louis R. Alberger's Polaris won the trophy for the sloops.

On Friday the races were sailed for the King's cup offered some years ago by King Edward VII. The day was again an ideal one, and there was a large number of yachts out to witness the event.

In the evening the annual illumination of the yachts took place, beginning at 9 o'clock.

The Newport County Hounds will be at the farm of William H. Mayer in Portsmouth this afternoon at 5 o'clock. This will be the first meet here for several years. Mr. Philip A. Clark is M. F. H.

Acting Mayor William Shepley has sent a telegram of sympathy to Mayor Gaynor and his family.

Ready for the Fleet.

Newport is rapidly assuming a gala appearance and by the time that the great North Atlantic fleet arrives in these waters next Monday she will be brilliant with flags and bunting and all will be in readiness to accord to the officers and men of the great fleet a hearty and enthusiastic welcome. The city will look fine—there is no doubt about that—and it is also assured that the men of the fleet will get a great reception. Also there will be many strangers in town to see the ships and to see the men.

A half-dozen or more firms of decorators from outside the city have been in Newport contracting for decorations of flags and bunting for fleet week, and last Monday morning the work of placing them on the buildings was begun. There will probably be few places along Thames street and Broadway which will not be adorned with the national colors before the ships arrive, and although these streets will be the most gaily colored of any there will also be decorations on other thoroughfares. In the evening Thames street will be a blaze of light from the thousands of electric lamps that are now being strung along that street by order of the entertainment committee. In some respects the city will bear a resemblance to its appearance on fete days of the past, and many regret that at least one such fete day could not have been incorporated in the present affair.

The affair next week will be essentially a reception to the men of the fleet. It is expected that summer residents will do considerable toward entertaining the officers, while the whole effort of the committee has been directed towards making things lively for the men. The principal feature of the reception will be a monster clambake which will be served on three separate days until all the men have had an opportunity to eat their fill of a genuine Rhode Island shore dinner. The bakes will be served on the circus lot on Broadway near the One Mile Corner, and members of the committee and their assistants are hard at work making preparations to satisfy the demand that will be made upon them. Tents are being erected and a large force of carpenters has been busily engaged for several days in constructing tables to be used in addition to those that could be borrowed. The immense quantity of dishes that will be required have been arranged for, and the food supplies will be on hand at the moment they are required. It was said that it would not be possible to obtain sufficient clams to supply all the demand, but Newport's fish buyers took charge of this part of the work and found a supply available.

It is the intention to feed approximately 4000 men a day on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week. The committee believes that they can handle this number without undue friction and confusion. The men will march out Broadway to the grounds and will take their seats at the tables by companies, being under discipline to facilitate handling the crowd. Two separate bakes will be prepared, and the serving will be done by apprentices from the Naval Training Station who have been loaned by the commandant for the purpose. In this way it is felt that all can be served without friction.

The menu will comprise practically all the regular features of a Rhode Island shore dinner. It is expected that the supply will be big enough so that each man can have all that he desires and he will not be obliged to leave the table until his stomach is as tight as a drum. There will be liquid refreshments to accompany the meal, and probably cigars and cigarettes to finish off with.

The committee has raised more than $8000 toward the entertainment and feel confident that they can get through without encountering a deficit. The finance committee has kept a watchful eye on all expenditures and no contract has been authorized until more than enough money has been actually received to meet it. This amount of money could not be made to go so far except for the fact that most articles have been purchased for actual cost and a host of volunteers has been found to take part in the work of preparing the tables, bake and grounds.

The ships are expected to arrive in the harbor on Monday and ceremonious visits will at once be exchanged with the government stations here. Acting Mayor Shepley will go on board the flag ship and will pay his respects to Admiral Schroeder in behalf of the city of Newport.

Mr. Whitney Warren, who has been spending the summer at his Newport cottage, was one of the group that was in conversation with Mayor Gaynor of New York when he was shot on board ship. Mr. Warren was only a few feet away from the victim of the shooting.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly session of the board of aldermen was marked by considerable warm discussion of some matters that came before it. An application for a peddler's license was the beginning of the trouble, Alderman Mahoney being opposed to the granting of the license on the ground that the applicant was a non-resident. The applicant, I. M. Lippitt, was represented by Mr. F. F. Nolan as attorney, and several reputable witnesses were put forward to testify that he had lived here for several years. On the other hand Alderman Mahoney said that Lippitt had told him that he had merely been coming here summers. The license was finally granted by a vote of three to two.

Regular weekly bills and pay rolls were approved. The petition of Robert W. Atwater for remission of taxes under the veteran exemption act was referred to the assessors, as was also a petition of Ellen T. Howard who claimed that she had been over-assessed $700, and one from Bridget Case.

Severin Olsen asked that action be taken in regard to the fence on Golden Hill street and his petition was referred to the city solicitor. A number of carriage, wagon, and driver licenses were granted. A protest against the dump on Grafton street was received and referred to the committee that has that in charge. The appointment of Daniel Barker as a special policeman was confirmed.

It was suggested that a committee of three members of the board be appointed to handle the matter of concessions on Washington square for fleet week, but the majority of the board were opposed to such action.

Chief Kirwin was present in the interests of the fire department to urge the necessity of action upon the communication of the board of firewards. This was a request for the board of aldermen to present to the representative council a recommendation of a new boiler for steamer No. 7 at a cost of $750. It was shown that two more of the steamers are in their old age and liable to be crippled at any moment which would seriously hamper the work of the department. It was stated that there would probably be a meeting of the council in the near future.

It was voted that the chief of police be forbidden to grant any licenses for selling on the street without first obtaining permission of the board, but it was later voted that the city clerk be authorized to grant licenses to local persons to sell novelties and souvenirs. Alderman Mahoney and Leddy were made a committee to see to the decorating of the City Hall for fleet week. A petition for a license for a performance by Countess de Swirsky at Freebody Park on Sunday, August 22, was laid over for a time.

The national lawn tennis tournament will begin at the Newport Casino next Monday and it is expected that the number of entries will be fully as large as in recent years if not larger. There has been a slight change in the arrangement this year, the tournament opening on a Monday instead of on Tuesday as heretofore. There will undoubtedly be a large attendance if the weather is good.

The fire department has been called upon to answer a number of alarms lately, most of them calling only for the emergency companies, however. There was a box alarm a little before 2 o'clock Wednesday morning which called the department to No. 6 Bridge street, where a lamp had been overturned. The damage was slight and the recall was sounded almost immediately.

The firm of Clarke & Briggs has been adjudged bankrupt at a hearing before the commissioner in bankruptcy. The firm was composed of Frederick A. Clarke and Melvin S. Briggs and has been engaged in business as steamfitters for several years.

The navy department has awarded to Darling & Slade contracts for two new buildings at the Training Station. One of them will be another detention building, and the second will be a receiving and administration building. The buildings will cost about $48,000.

Within a short time there will be an investigation of recent occurrences at the Police Station, when it is understood there were breaches of discipline. The matter of the police relief fund is said to be at the bottom of the trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke Jones are in Fayetteville, N. C., to attend the funeral of Colonel Wharton J. Green, father of Mrs. Jones, who died a few days ago. He was a distinguished citizen of that State.

The condition of Mayor Boyle shows consistent improvement from day to day, although he is still very ill and weak.

Army & Navy Y. M. C. A.

The work of excavating for the foundation for the new Army & Navy Y. M. C. A. building on Washington square has been begun in earnest. A large number of men and teams are at work and considerable progress is being made. While the contractors will naturally wish to push the work through as rapidly as possible there will now be no special rush for the laying of the corner-stone which it was originally planned to have take place early in September, when President Taft could be here to officiate at the ceremony. When the building is completed the President will come on for the dedication.

The contractors have prepared to make things comfortable while the work is going on. A commodious office has been erected on Meeting street, containing a roll top desk, telephone, signal bell, etc., and other work sheds have been put up. Out of town contractors generally go to more expense for matters of this kind than do local men, possibly because they have no local offices in which to keep their belongings.

Newport Yacht Club.

A ladies' night was held at the Newport Yacht Club on Friday evening when members and friends went down to the club house for the purpose of viewing the spectacle of the illumination of the vessels of the New York Yacht Club in the harbor. Music was furnished and light refreshments were served. It was expected that there would be a large attendance of members and their friends.

The Club will hold its annual clambake at Rocky Point to-morrow and if the weather should be pleasant there will undoubtedly be a large number of vessels to take part in the club run to that resort. A launch has been chartered to take those members of the club who are not fortunate enough to own boats. It has been the custom heretofore to hold the annual bake at the club station at Dyer's Island but this year it was thought advisable to try Rocky Point. Special tables will be reserved for the club.

The Narragansett Bay Yacht Racing Association will be guests of the club on Friday evening, August 19, and the entertainment committee has arranged a social evening.

As a result of the investigation into the "Splash" given by the employes of the Torpedo Station last winter, a reprimand from the Secretary of the Navy has been read to the members of the committee that had the affair in charge and has been prominently posted about the Station. This affair was the cause of a long investigation by a board of officers at the Station during the spring, and it was at first thought that the responsibility might be placed upon one man. The investigation showed however that practically all were as much involved as any one, so the reprimand was addressed to the members of the committee in charge of the entertainment.

Funeral services for the late Charles A. Palmer were held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Jones on Sunday afternoon and were attended by a large number of relatives and friends. Weenat Shassit Tribe of Red Men, Engine Company No. 5, and the Upholsterer's Union attended in a body. There were many floral tributes.

It is expected that there will be a host of strangers in the city next week. The presence of a large fleet of battleships, in the harbor should prove a drawing card and many will want to see the sailors on their way to and from the clambake. It is too bad that there will not be a big street parade.

Mr. J. Frank Albro has returned to his home after submitting to another operation at the Newport Hospital. The last one was not of so serious a character as those that preceded it. His friends hope that he has seen the last of his trouble.

The members of Miskianla Camp entertained about 100 guests at a clambake at the club on Wednesday. In the party were members of the General Assembly and other State officials. An enjoyable day was passed.

Last Sunday was an excellent day for excursions and there were a large number of strangers in town. The remaining Sundays in August should see many visitors here if the weather is good.

Mrs. Cynthia Albro Stevens, widow of the late City Clerk William G. Stevens, was married in Seattle, Washington, on July 22 to Professor Henry George Gilmore of Seattle.

The White Sisters are now occupying the St. Clare Home, having taken possession this week.

Rev. S. W. Stevens of Williamstown, Mass., is spending a couple of weeks in Newport.

Recent Deaths.

George A. Slade.

Mr. George A. Slade, foreman of the machine shop at the Old Colony shops here, died suddenly at his residence on Aymult street on Monday. Although he had been in rather poor health for about a week, his death was entirely unexpected, as he had expected to return to his duties at the shops on the day that he died.

Mr. Slade had been employed at the shops here and in Stonington, Conn., practically all his life. About five years ago, Mr. James H. Comstock was sent to Stonington to relieve Mr. Slade, and the latter came here to take Mr. Comstock's place. He was a competent and skilful man, and had a host of friends. He is survived by a widow, one daughter and one son.

Newport was treated to a copious rainfall Wednesday night which did a lot of good. Much more is still needed but it would be better for business if it would hold off until the summer season is over.

Prince Mirza Kahn of Persia spent a few days in the summer colony here last week, returning to Boston a few days ago.

PORTSMOUTH.

Largest Tax Payers.

The tax book for the town for the year 1910 has just been printed at the Mercury Office. The total real estate valuation is $2,801,075; personal property, $809,700; total valuation, $3,710,775. The total tax is $22,247.65, the rate being $9.00 on $1000.

The following is a list of the tax payers in this town who pay a tax on $5000 and upwards:

Albro, William G.	$9500
Almy, Daniel B.	5000
Almy, Edward	7000
Almy, Edward, estate	5000
Almy, Robert B.	5000
Anthony, Henry C.	50000
Anthony, George	6000
Anthony, Ellen M.	6000
Austin, Mary E.	9000
Bailey, Wm. E. and others	6000
Ballou, Barton A.	14500
Barker, Jacob Alton	7000
Barstow, Catherine A.	25000
Birckhead, Sarah K.	24000
Borden, John L.	21000
Borden, Benj. F., estate	5000
Boyd, William K.	5000
Brayton, Thomas E.	6000
Brazil, John T., est.	6000
Brown, William J.	9300
Brownell, John M.	5500
Chase, William A.	6500
Chase, Luther P.	8300
Chase, Alfred G.	7000
Chase, John F.	9000
Chase, Isaac	6200
Chase, Constant W.	9200
Chase, Abraham C.	6000
Chase, Chas. A. heirs	21000
Chase, Constant C.	5800
Coggeshall, Peleg A.	13500
Coggeshall, George B.	13500
Coggeshall, Fred A.	6000
Coggeshall, John P., est.	7500
Coggeshall, John R.	5000
Company, Menhaden Fishing	70000
Company, N. Y., N. H. & H.	197200
Company, Old Colony St. Ry.	120000
Company, Newport & Prov. Ry.	54160
Company, R. I. Coal	9000
Corcoran, John J.	7000
Cornell, John	18500
Cory, William H.	17000
Cory, Levi W.	5500
DeCosta, Joseph	8500
Duckworth, Richard	5200
Dunn, William J.	13200
Eddy, Sarah J.	183000
Fales, William B. est.	16000
Greene, Dr. Benj., est.	5000
Greene, Cornelius S., est.	18500
Haffenraffer, R. F., Jr.	5200
Hall, Robert D., est.	18000
Hall, George P.	7000
Hall, Benjamin	55000
Hall, Mary C.	5000
Hall, Herbert F.	16000
Hall, Laura G.	28900
Hamilton, Celia S. C.	5500
Hathaway, William, est.	6800
Hazard, Barclay	57000
Hedly, Henry	6500
Hicks, Horace B.	11000
Holman, Thomas, est.	9300
Howe, Julia Ward	6000
Hughes, William M.	5000
Isherwood, Charles L.	5000
Kieran, Patrick	7500
Lawrence, Albert W.	9000
Lopes, Antonio M.	10000
Macomber, Richard R.	11000
Mitchel, Corie	5500
Mott, William B.	11800
Mott, Alfred J.	6700
Murphy, Michael J.	10400
Murphy, Patrick F.	5100
Newport Water Works	24925
Norman, George H., est.	7500
Norman, Bradford	90000
Norman, Reginald	52000
O'Neill, Joseph	5000
Phillips, Arthur S.	9500
Quinn, Helen M.	7000
Rice, George M., est.	60000
Sanford, Francis	10500
Sherman, Benjamin C.	8500
Sisson, Alfred, est.	11500
Sisson, William L., est.	17500
Sisson, Elbert A.	7000
Sisson, Charles S., est.	10200
Sowle, Job	11000
Sowle, Walter A. & W. T. H.	10500
Swan, Richard, est.	8000
Tallman, Benjamin	5500
Taylor, Henry A. C.	268300
Thurston, Sarah E.	12000
Vanderbilt, Alfred G.	360000
Vanderbilt, Reginald C.	175500
Webb, Frederick W.	7000
Wheeler, Mary C.	6000
Whitridge, John C., est.	13500
Wilbur, Augustus L.	7000
Aldrich, Charles A.	6000
Cheesborough, Caroline	14000
Hunter, Charles, est.	6000
Morgan, Helen F.	5000
Paine, Oliver H.	65500
Williams, George W.	9000
Knight, Catherine M.	25500
Company, Narragansett Bay	7000

St. Mary's Guild.

EDITOR NEWPORT MERCURY,

Dear Sir:—May I be allowed space in your paper to correct some statements contained in two New York papers, under date of July 14, concerning St. Mary's Guild and the lawn party?

To begin with, St. Mary's Guild has existed about forty years. It has always borne that name and has always been connected with the church. It was organized under the direction of the rector, the late Rev. Hobart Williams, and his wife. For the last twenty years they have held lawn parties each year, and always on the church grounds until three years ago. This year and last it was held at Oakland Hall, South Portsmouth, belonging to the Odd Fellows of that town and having always borne that name since it was built.

Nearly all the members of St. Mary's Guild are communicants of St. Mary's Church. This band of women have worked faithfully year after year, giving freely of their time and money, have always been willing to co-operate with the minister and help him in any way possible, spending their money wherever needed, and they have earned and spent a good deal in all these years. They knew nothing about the lawn fete held at Oakland Farm until they saw notice of it in the papers, had no wish to participate in it, and did not get up their lawn party on that account as they had been planning it months before.

FRIEND AND WELLWISHER
of St. Mary's Guild.

August 10, 1910.

Newport Historical Society.

At a meeting of the directors of the Newport Historical Society on Monday the following new members were elected: Mrs. Hamilton Fish Webster, Mrs. Thomas Dunn, Mr. John R. Drexel, Mrs. James Bush, Miss Blanche Leavitt, Rev. Gustavus A. Hulbert, Dr. Charles D. Easton, and Mr. W. Rogers Morgan. A resolution adopted by the directors of the Redwood Library was read, voting to deposit with the Newport Historical Society a cabinet containing relics of the family of Governor Nicholas Easton.

It was voted to send a message of sympathy and good wishes to the society's librarian, Mr. R. Hammett Tilley, who has been ill and absent from his post for several months. He has been greatly missed.

The master's sale of the Stafford Bryer place on Thames street was held on Thursday and the property was bought in by Harry Aaron for $17,513.42, which is considered a very good price. There were three bidders, the other two being J. L. Cummings, the present occupant, and J. K. Sullivan. The conditions were a little unusual as Mr. Cummings had bought a half interest in the property some weeks ago, and thought that that would give him control of the store. To settle a somewhat confused condition the court ordered the property sold and the proceeds distributed. It is not believed that the new owner will take possession of the store at once as he has a lease of the store that he now occupies.

Mr. and Mrs. Braddin Hamilton have gone to the White Mountains, after spending a part of the season with Col. Howard A. Stevenson here.

The organist and choir of St. John's Church gave their 12th annual recital at the church on Thursday afternoon.

MIDDLETOWN.

The members of the Epworth League held their annual lawn party on Thursday at the M. E. Church. During the afternoon the sale tables were arranged about the grounds on either side of the front entrance and in the evening were removed to the large Sunday School room. Tables included fancy and domestic articles, aprons, hand painted china and novelties, candy and ice cream. A supper of salad and cold meat was served from 6 to 8. The rooms were decorated with flowers, and Japanese lanterns. During the afternoon and evening solos and duets were given upon the piano, after a Victor recital. While supper was in progress Richard Rosson of New York rendered several violin selections. A number attended from the picnic which was held that afternoon at Beth-Shan-in-the-Woods, which was given by the parish of Holy Cross Church.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Overton Peckham have as their guest for the summer, their cousin, Miss Clara F. Perrin of Pawtucket, who has spent a number of seasons with them.

The Arnold villa, Vaucluse avenue, is occupied for the month of August by Miss Mary Brownell and her mother of Providence. Her brother, Mr. Walter Brownell and Mrs. Brownell will spend a portion of the month here

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Mrs. James Sayles, who has been the soloist at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel for the last month, returns on Sunday to her home in Providence. Her services have been freely given and much appreciation has been expressed among the congregation. Her voice is one of unusual sweetness and power.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Easton of Pawtucket are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son on August 1st. Mrs. Easton is the only daughter of ex-Senator and Mrs. Abram A. Brown of Whitehall. Mr. and Mrs. Easton have been spending the summer at Paradise farm, Paradise avenue, with Mr. Easton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Easton.

Virginia of the Air Lanes

A ROMANCE OF FLYING

...By...

Herbert Quick

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CHAPTER XIX.

FINALE.

THEODORE carried Virginia to a seaside cottage just in process of being put in order for its owners.

"Tell me, dearest," he kept whispering, "that you are safe—safe!"

Virginia, wet, draggled, her strong little form resembling a rough cast statue of some one quite irresistibly shapely, silently flung about his neck.

"You love me!" said he. "I'm not going to let you leave me again, darling!"

She squeezed his hand in gratitude. Carson went out radiant, meeting Craighead with the red mantilla on his arm.

"You all do know this mantle," said he, "but not the soul of paltry in things great. Ethically, this is a lost damosel snatched from a watery grave as she went down in the penultimate descent. I put my confounded life in pawn—for what? For a mere trumpery kickshaw of silk with no more woman in it than a rabbit. Rotten! Rotten! This 'ere rescue ain't up to sample!"

"Craighead," said Carson, "I want you to run an errand, and be serious. Run for a doctor, Craighead. I believe she loves me."

Pacing up and down the veranda, Carson was in a delicious disturbance of spirits. He forgot Shayne and his wife, but ran down to see the Virginia and found in charge the village constable.

"I know the rules of these cases," said he to Carson. "When you give this to the papers say something about the way the police end of it was handled."

"Thank you," said Carson, having made sure that the Virginia was intact. "I shan't see any reporters."

"Sure you will," said the thoughtful constable. "I've sent f'r them!"

The doctor, a nervous little man, with no voice, whispered to Carson that his wife, meaning Virginia, was uninjured and urging him to go in and quiet her by his presence.

"Neurology my specialty," said he sigly in Carson's ear. "Left big practice in Philadelphia on account of nervous prostration. Acute neuropath-

"BUT ACCIDENT! NOTHING TO IT."

ic symptoms in your very beautiful young wife, sir—but accident! Nothing to it!"

Carson explained, with some neuropathic symptoms of his own, that the young lady was not his wife.

"Excuse me!" whispered the doctor, on tiptoe. "As to whose the mistake is, yours or mine, omission or commission, can't say, but pardon me, just the same. Must go now. Other patients, you know. My card!"

And, slipping his card to Theodore with the air of a man seeking to establish a connection in the castaway trade, he whispered himself out, being replaced almost immediately by two local representatives of the metropolitan press, to whom Theodore resolutely refused to say a word beyond the statement that the Roc was wrecked and that the passengers were saved. This, however, did not prevent them from sending in highly colored accounts of the wreck and of the sensational assistance accorded her by the Virginia aeronef—which were expanded in the city offices into the sensation of the day. Shayne of Aerostatic Power had violated the Craighead injunction in the Roc! Craighead, Carson and the Shaynes were together in a New Jersey village! Rumors and canards on 'change and the curb! Extras and red type on yellow first pages! But the real sensation was not known until afterward.

Craighead was a long time gone, returning with a perspiring man carrying a notary's seal in one hand, a huge volume under one arm and a flat book like an exaggerated check book under the other. Following them were a tall, angular, serious looking gentleman in wading boots, his eyes covered with immense blue goggles—a French chauffeur if one might judge by certain strong proofs in garments and feature; a life saving crew from up the coast who had just arrived after a long distance view of the wreck and several water side characters belonging in a New Jersey way to the Captain Harrod class. The man with the books seemed tired with his burden and was using occasional strong words.

"Set down, set down your honorable load," said Craighead, "if honor may be harried with a curse. Fellow citizens, we are delighted with what we have seen of your little city. The climate is lovely, the air fresh and the water warm. We like it. What do you call it?"

Carson drew Craighead aside and suggested dry clothes.

"Be silent, sirrah," cried Craighead, "and do as you are bid! Friends, the performance in the big tent is about to open. This, Mr. Van Brunt, is one of the principals."

"Of age, I see," said Mr. Van Brunt, looking at Carson. "I guess it's all right. An' where's the other party?"

A maid who had devoted herself to Virginia replied that Miss Suarez was quite able to see people.

"Come, Mr. Van Brunt," said Craighead, "and view the precious remains."

Craighead entered at Virginia's "Come in," but Mr. Van Brunt went no farther than to insert half his body and all his head in the room and look searchingly at Miss Suarez.

"Of course," said he, "you're over eighteen?"

"Considerably," said Virginia, "but"—

Mr. Van Brunt had vanished. Craighead gazed solemnly at Virginia and spoke sepulchrally.

"These," said he, "are some of the local forms of the initiation. Be obedient and thou shalt prosper. Don't do nothin' that you ain't told to—see?"

"What does this foolery mean?" asked Carson as Craighead emerged into the parlor, where Mr. Van Brunt was engaged in filling up blanks and tearing them out of the big check book.

"Foolery?" said Craighead. "Profane not the sacred mysteries of Eleusis! Don't get cynical or funny. You are not a very important person here. Friends, fellow citizens, Jersey men, lend me your ears. We have met for certain reasons connected with the vital statistics of our common country—to originate an epithet. Two problems look the American people in the face and gnash their problematical teeth and snort. What are they? My friend the doctor, who has returned with healing in his fins, and our reverend friend in the waders can hear witness from their reduced perquisites that I speak sooth when I say that these portentous national dangers lie in celibacy. I have made a speciality of it."

"Hooray!" shouted the captain of the life saving crew.

"My honorable and gallant friend," said Craighead, indicating the captain, "hath a Smith college pin on his service shirt. It's not to thee, O potential benedict, that I speak! We are here to call not the inoculated, but the hitherto immune, to repentance. Fellow reformers, at the request of my friend Mr. Carson—General Theodo' Cilbson, M. A.—I sent a motorcar for Mr. Van Brunt, and the county seat of this county, so far as the marriage records are concerned, is here. The Rev. Mr. Coryell has kindly agreed to perform the ceremony. I will assume the chair if there are no objections. I will entertain a motion ordering the nuptials to proceed. I assume a motion for the regular order. Reading of the minutes dispensed with. All in favor of the marriage of Theodore Carson and Virginia Suarez say 'Aye!'"

There was a swelling roar of "ayes" that startled Virginia into a belief that a political convention was in session in the parlor. Craighead called for the "nays," with no response.

"It is a vote," said he—"unanimously! I congratulate you in this harmony! It augurs well for a successful campaign and a triumphant election. Will some one volunteer to play the wedding march? Thank you, sir."

This to the captain of the life savers, who seated himself on a piano stool and ran his hands over the keys.

"And now, general," said Craighead to Carson, "all is ready. The statutes in such case made and provided are all fulfilled. Bring out the bride and let the rapture culminate!"

"Craighead," said Carson, "come outside and I'll break every bone in your body!"

No one heard this but Craighead, and he received the announcement with the suavest of bows and a withdrawal with Carson on his arm.

"Just a little delay," said he to Mr. Coryell. "You know how it is—last kisses of bridesmaids—yell askew—rubbish—but we must wait."

Mr. Coryell, with Craighead's money in his pocket, sufficient in amount to pay the entire expenses of his vacation study of Atlantic gasteropods, waited smilingly, rubbing his hands. Mr. Van Brunt lighted a cigar and looked officially grave. Carson seized Craighead by the throat in the privacy of the kitchen.

"What do you mean?" he snarled. "What insane thing is this?"

"Explanations," said Craighead, extricating his throat, "are uncalled for, it seemeth to me, but if given require the use of the trachea. Ah've done did what you done tole me, boss!"

"What do you mean?"

Carson stood before Craighead with clinched fists, furious at Craighead's scandalous use of Virginia's name in public.

"Strike in due time," said Craighead, "but hear! You told me to do for you what I'd want done in your place. You said Virginia loved you"—

"I said I believed it!" answered Carson, groaning. "Oh, Craighead, Craighead, you've ruined me!"

"Ruined your granny—that is, of course, I disagree with you entirely. Faint heart never won the money. I tell you the wedding bells are now ringing. Go to, sirrah—go to her. Give her the rush. Lay it on me. Throw a fit on the rug, rip and tear, snort, weep, ingot, rust, tear thyself, drink up eisel, eat a crocodile, take her in your arms, and incidentally mention the fact that the thing's a matter of record and will be in all the papers. It'll work. Why, blast your picture, it's got to work. If it doesn't I'm stuck for $75 for fees and corruption money!"

Carson walked back and forth, torn with rage, embarrassment and anxiety for the result with Virginia, thrilled with a growing realization of what it might mean to him.

"I'm going in to tell her," said he. "And if I fail I shall come out and kill you, Craighead!"

"I shall make no will," said Craighead. "Why, if she were Caroline and I you"—

Carson walked into the apartment of Virginia. The serving girl withdrew and left them alone.

"Virginia," said he, "I'm going to take you with me!"

She flushed rosily, but, woman-like, refused to take his meaning.

"I can't go back, uncle," said she. "You failed in your exams. You are marked away, away down as an uncle! But I've forgiven you."

"Don't let's talk of that," said he. "I shan't even apologize. I'm glad I deceived you! Glad, do you hear? And now you're going back—Psyche—as my wife. Don't struggle and try to escape. Don't you love me? Don't you love me? Don't you love me?"

She was past the struggle now, and in the new print gown of the servant maid she lay in his arms, quite surrendered. The time passed much more rapidly for them than for Mr. Craighead. His voice grew hoarse, the rococo periods grew shorter, and at last he rapped on the door and called "Time!"

The audience had entered upon the phase of impatience characterized by stamping in unison.

"What do they want?" asked Virginia.

"Us," said Carson. "Let us go out."

"Out?" queried Virginia. "Out there?"

"Virginia," said Carson, "did I not say I was taking you away with me—now?"

"Oh!" gasped Virginia, shrinking back. "You don't mean for me to understand"—

"The minister is outside—to marry us—darling! Come!"

"Oh, Theodore!" she gasped.

The door opened. Craighead's voice came through in inquiry.

"All ready?" he asked loudly. "Then let the cortege move! After these nuptials we shall have the full music of the grand sweet song. Like Prince Agib of Gilbertian story—

"We will diligently play
On the zoetrope all day
And blow the loud pantechnicon all night!

"Forward, march!"

The wedding march from "Lohengrin" tinkled feelingly forth from the piano. The minister stood in the narrow cirque left open by the crowd. Craighead, like a new docked usher, bowed grandly at the door to let them through. Theodore took Virginia's plump, print covered arm and whispered in her ear promises which instinct told him would break down the last resistance. The short service went on as remembered by the priest.

"Who gives this woman away?"

And who but Finley Shayne broke through the press to take her by the hand and respond heartily, "I do!"

And when the ring was called for who but the captain of the life saving crew, true to the traditions of the service, came forward and took it from his chain and saved them?

And when the minister asked, "Do you, Virginia, take this man to be your wedded husband?" and the dear old remainder of it, who but Theodore Carson turned dizzy at the bride's pause before answering, and who but Virginia said sweetly and clearly, "I do?"

And as for Craighead, that worthy gentleman would have been in still higher feather had he known that within two weeks he was to succeed in persuading his adored Caroline to join him in a similar ceremony.

THE END.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's Reverses.

Twice in his career Sir Arthur Sullivan, after building up a small fortune, was placed in the same unenviable position as was Mark Twain when in 1895 his "rainy day" balance disappeared in the failure of a concern in which he was interested. And the famous composer met financial disaster with the same equanimity as did the author. By far the greater of the two financial disasters which overtook Sullivan happened in 1882, and the news reached him under very dramatic circumstances. In that year "Iolanthe" was produced at the Savoy, and as usual its composer conducted the first performance. On the day fixed for the production the bankruptcy was announced of the firm in whose keeping Sir Arthur had intrusted all his securities, and the news of the crash reached the composer just as he was setting out for the Savoy theater. "In a moment," says Mr. Lawrence, his biographer, "the result of the work of a lifetime and of economy had been swept away. From the monetary point of view he had to make a beginning all over again; but, unmoved by his ill fortune, he conducted the first performance of 'Iolanthe' that night."—London News.

The Verdict.

"How did your act take amateur night?"

"Great! When I sang the first verse they yelled 'Fine!' and when I sang the next they yelled 'Imprisonment!'"—Baltimore Sun.

His Main Want.

Earnest but Prosy Street Corner Orator—I want land reform. I want housing reform, I want educational reform. I want— Bored Voice—Chloroform.—Manchester Guardian.

Proud of It.

The Lady—Poor tramp! Have you anything in your life to be proud of? The Hobo—Yessum. I never beat no body out of no laundry bill. Cleveland Leader.

A SINGULAR CASE

Where Circumstantial Evidence Played Justice False.

HANGED AN INNOCENT MAN.

Every Incident in the Remarkable Sequence of Events Seemed to Point Conclusively to the Guilt of Harry Blake, Who Was Accused of Murder.

It began in the Blue Horse tavern, on the highway leading to Albany.

Toward the close of an autumn day a half dozen men sat in the old barroom discussing events which then were leading to the outbreak of the American Revolution. At such a time arguments were very likely to be rather more vigorous than ordinarily would be the case. And this was no exception. Fearing that trouble might result, one of the men exclaimed: "Come, Wickliffe, stop this. Such a dispute is nonsense."

Wickliffe was an ugly looking fellow, short and stout, with a dark, sallow face, black eyes, low, wrinkled forehead and lips that bared his teeth on occasions like a dog preparing to bite.

"My quarrel is with Harry Blake," he snarled. "It is none of your affair."

"Well, Wickliffe," Blake cried good naturedly, "if you will quarrel, I won't. I'll say no more."

Evidently Wickliffe was bent on trouble, for he muttered something which brought a cry of "Shame!" from every one in the room. Blake's face became deadly pale. "Wickliffe," he said steadily, "I didn't hear what you said, but I dare you to repeat it. If you do and there's one improper word in it, this hour will be the bitterest of your life."

Once more the offensive words were flung at him, and in an instant Blake had seized Wickliffe and thrown him across the room. For a moment he lay stunned, but presently, his face dark with hatred, he rose and, shaking his fist at Blake, exclaimed:

"You may take your measure for a coffin. You will need one."

"Not before you," was Blake's reply.

Shortly after the quarrel Wickliffe left the Blue Horse for his home. Blake, whose road lay in the same direction, followed soon. Ten minutes later two more of the loiterers, also going over the highway taken by Wickliffe and Blake, started on their homeward way.

The last two travelers had ridden several miles, talking earnestly of the stirring events which then engaged men's minds, when a loud cry was heard at a little distance. In a moment it was repeated.

"Mercy!" the voice pleaded, and then, "Oh, Harry!"

"Can Blake be settling scores with Wickliffe?" exclaimed Grayson, one of the two riders.

In a moment they had galloped around a copse of trees at a bend in the road. Within twenty yards of them, on his back in the dust, lay Wickliffe dead. Bending over him stood Blake, grasping a knife driven to the haft in his bosom.

"Taken red handed," Grayson cried, while Walton, his companion, himself a magistrate, sprang from his horse, exclaiming, "Blake, I charge you with murder."

"Why, I didn't kill him," Blake said earnestly. "You are mad. I found Wickliffe lying dead and was about to pull this knife from the wound when you came up."

Grayson shook his head. "I wish I could believe you, Harry," he said, "but as I hope to be saved I saw you stab him. I did."

It would be hard to imagine a situation more likely to convince a jury of the prisoner's guilt. Conan Doyle in his wildest fancies in deduction never presented more damning evidence to Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson—the quarrel in the Blue Horse tavern, the epithet resented, the fight, the counter-threat of death, the departure of both while their temper yet was warm and then the terrible tableau on the highway.

What might a man expect even now with the thousand loopholes that the law provides for escape? There could be only one conclusion now, as then, and that conclusion the jury reached without leaving the courtroom. Blake's protestations were vain. He died on the scaffold declaring his innocence.

Three months after the execution the judge who presided at the trial was summoned to Albany to see a prisoner under sentence of death. Grayson, whose testimony chiefly had convicted Blake, also was summoned. Much in wonder, they entered the cell together.

"You," the prisoner said to the judge, "presided at the trial of Harry Blake."

"I did."

"And you," turning to Grayson, "swore you saw him stab Wickliffe. On your testimony he was hung."

"I saw Blake stab him," Grayson said.

"You did not," the prisoner sneered, "for I killed Wickliffe. I sprang into the wood at Blake's approach. His story was true."

The confession was so clear and full that it left no doubt in the judge's mind that a fearful wrong had been done Blake. As for Grayson, the chief witness, he committed suicide. The records contain many instances of the law's mistakes, but few so pathetic as the case of Harry Blake.—Kansas City Star.

Method is like packing things in a box. A good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one.—Cecil.

In the Long Ago.

"Adam," asked Eve, "what are you doing?"

"I'm discovering Mars," he said, looking down at her to rest his neck. "I wonder if it has any inhabitants."

From which we learn that Adam already knew about as much concerning Mars as the modern astronomers do.—Chicago Tribune.

TWAIN'S FIRST LECTURE.

Bret Harte Headed the Claque, but the Audience Swamped Them.

Mr. Clemens prepared a lecture for his San Francisco audience, giving a most extravagant account of what he had seen among the south sea islands. When Bret Harte and some other of his friends were told of his platform intention they agreed to go in a body to the old Mechanics' hall, where Twain was to deliver himself, and form a big claque that would insure the success of the affair.

Mark wrote his own handbills, which set the town agog with anticipation. One particularly inviting phrase printed at the bottom of the announcement was, "The trouble will begin at 8 p. m."

The hall was crowded, and the claque was uproarious when Clemens appeared upon the platform. The lecture was delivered with manifest effort in a slow, deliberate, drawling manner, and the lecturer paid no heed whatever to the inconsiderate demands of "Faster, faster! We can't stay here all night!" and other urgent calls.

Although Harte tried to steer the claquers, they insisted upon applauding and laughing in the wrong places, which may or may not have been intended as a joke on Twain, but at last the audience, which began to catch on to the unique style of the man and to appreciate his quaintly whimsical utterances, overwhelmed the claque and had things its own way.

An old timer who attended the lecture says of the effect of Twain upon his first audience: "His slow drawl, the anxious and perturbed expression of his visage, the apparently painful effort with which he framed his sentences and, above all, the surprise that spread over his face when the audience roared with delight or rapturously applauded the finer passages were unlike anything of the kind they had ever known. The lecture was a great success."—Bailey Millard in Hampton's Magazine.

GATHERING PRUNES.

The Fruit Is Never Picked, but Is Allowed to Fall to the Ground.

A peculiarity of prunes is that they are never picked from the trees, but are allowed to fall to the ground. The reason is that a prune must be dead ripe, with all its sugar developed, or it will not cure properly. Therefore the ground under the trees is carefully prepared and leveled to make a soft, smooth bed for the falling fruit. Gathering the fallen prunes is a staple industry in August and September. Boys and girls and often entire families are employed in it, camping in the orchards.

Being gathered, the prunes are rolled down troughs full of tiny needles that prick their skins. They are then dipped in a hot solution containing lye, which cleanses them, and rinsed in cold water. Next they are put in broad, shallow wooden trays and laid in the sun for two or three weeks. This sun drying practically converts them into the staple prunes of commerce and of boarding house jokes. At the packing house they are assorted as to size by a machine which shakes them over a huge sieve. The farther the prune travels over the sieve the larger the holes, and when it comes to a hole a little bigger than itself it drops through into the proper bin. It is then run through a vat containing hot water and finally rolls down a chute into a wooden packing box—the same box that you see at the grocer's. When the prunes pour from the chute, however, there is a removable frame about three inches high on top of the box. Box and frame go under a press, which promptly stamps down the contents so that they are no higher than the top of the box. The frame is lifted off, the cover is nailed on the box, and the prunes are ready to ship.—Will Payne in Saturday Evening Post.

More Serious.

"Mathilde Browne was very rude to an overdressed old woman she met on the street car the other day."

"I know the story. The old woman turned out to be Mathilde's very rich aunt, and now she's going to give all her money to a hospital for decrepit dogs."

"Nothing of the sort. In fact, it's worse. The old woman was the Brownes' new cook, and now they haven't any."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mecca of the Buddhists.

Tibet lies between the latitude of Rome and Cairo, yet, owing to the fact that it is nearly all one series of lofty tablelands, its climate is purely arctic. There is hardly any rain, and biting dry winds send dust or dry snowstorms forever raging across its inhospitable uplands.

Lassa, its capital, is the Mecca of the Buddhist world, and pious Buddhists gain much merit by making the pilgrimage.

Expurgating It.

"Elfleda, what did your father say when he heard that I had been here calling on you?"

"He said you were a numskull, a mollycoddle and a jolterhead."

"Is that all?"

"That's all, Guy—except the adjectives."—Chicago Tribune.

He Countered.

"The position is yours, sir, if you will deposit $1,000 as security."

"I accept your offer, sir, if you will deposit $1,000 as a security for my security."—Exchange.

To Live Long.

If you wish to be a Methuselah you will have to quit doing all the things that make it worth while not to be one.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Devil's Sonata.

Tartini, the great violinist, after dining indiscreetly, dreamed that he had made a bargain with the devil for his soul. To prove his powers the evil one seized a violin and played a sonata of exquisite beauty. Tartini awoke with the ringing in his ears, committed the music to paper and published it as "The Devil's Sonata."

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A CLEVER ILLUSTRATION

WITH CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

There is an old formula in philosophy which says that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time. As a simple illustration, drive a nail into board and you will find with every stroke of the hammer, the nail will force aside the particles of wood into which it is being driven, finally making a place for itself, and proving that the nail and the wood do not occupy the same place at the same time.

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cannot occupy the same place at the same time. If you are troubled with frequent pains in the back; if your urine stains linen; if you urinate frequently during the night, and a burning pain accompanies its passage, your kidneys and bladder are in bad shape and should be treated at once.

Every dose of DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY slowly but surely pushes aside some of the particles of the dread diseases of the kidneys and bladder, liver, blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation, until they completely disappear. Do not lose faith or find fault, if you are not entirely cured by one bottle, because if these diseases have fastened their grip on you the longer and harder it is to drive them away.

Druggists sell it in ***New 50 Cent Size*** and the regular $1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail.

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Dr. David Kennedy's Maple Eye Salve for all Diseases or Inflammations of the Eye. 25c.

New England Navigation Co.

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For New York and Points on the New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. via Wickford Junction.

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Wickford Jun. ar.	11.15	2.15	5.15	8.32
Wickford Jun. lv.	11.40	2.38	7.01	9.00
New London, ar.	12.45	3.45	8.03	10.30
New Haven, ar.	1.50	4.56	9.10	11 55
New York, ar.	3.50	7.00	11.00	a1.55
	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.

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For Block Island, Stonington and Providence.

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Week days leave Long Wharf, Newport, 10.55 a. m. Due Block Island 12.50 p. m. Stonington 2.40 p. m. Returning leaves Stonington 2.50 p. m. Block Island 4.40 p. m. Due Newport 6.35 p. m. Providence 8.30 p. m. Sundays leaves Newport 11.40 a. m. Due Block Island 1.40 p. m. Returning leave Block Island 8.30 p. m. Due Newport 5.15 p. m., Providence 7.15 p. m. No service to Stonington on SUNDAYS.

For tickets, staterooms, parlor car seats, apply at City ticket office, 272 Thames St., at Wharf Offices and Purser's office on steamers.

C. C. Gardner, Agent, Newport, R. I.
F. C. Coley, A. G. P. A., New York.

1-8

Old Colony Street Railway Co.

Newport & Fall River Time Table. In effect July 1, 1910.

Subject to change without notice.

Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Tiverton, week days 5.50 a. m., then every thirty minutes, until 10.20 p. m., then 11.20 p. m.

Sundays, 7.00 a. m., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 p. m. then 11.15 p. m.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for City Hall, Newport, 5.20 a. m., then every thirty minutes until 11.20 p. m.

Sundays 6.50 a. m., the same as week days.

NEWPORT CITY CARS

Change of time June 13, 1910.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6.00, 6.15, 6.30 a. m. and 10.30, 10.45 and 11.00 p. m. Sundays 6.30 a. m. Then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park, for Mile Corner 6.22 and 6.37 a. m. and 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m.

Leave One Mile Corner for the Beach 6.20 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 10.50 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Beach, 6.45 a. m., then every 15 minutes until and including 11.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Beach for One Mile Corner at 7.00 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 10.45 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for One Mile Corner 6.30, 6.45 and 7.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.30 p. m. Sundays 7.15 a. m., and then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Morton Park 6.15 a. m., and every 15 minutes to and including 11.15 p. m. Sundays 6.45 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for Franklin Street 6.22 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.22 p. m. Sundays 6.52 a. m. and then same as week days.

Subject to change without notice.

GEORGE F. SEIBEL,
General Superintendent.

C. L. BISBEE,
Division Superintendent.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect Oct 3, 1909.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.18, 9.13 p. m. Sundays—Leave Newport 7.00, 8.00, 11.02 a. m., 3.00, 5.18, 9.13 p. m.

Middletown and Portsmouth—6.47, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.18, 9.13 p. m.

Tiverton—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.18, 9.13 p. m.

Middleboro—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Hyannis—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Provincetown—11.02 a. m.

Plymouth—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

New Bedford—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02, 9.13 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.18, 9.13 p. m.

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ALL PERSONS, desirous of having water introduced into their residence or place of business, should make application at the office, Marlboro street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 2 p. m.

WM. S. SLOCUM, Treasurer.

A Mohammedan Festival.

Taboots is an Indian festival in connection with the celebration of the month of Moharram, which begins the year of the true Mohammedan. This festival commemorates the death of Prince Hossein, the grandson of Mohammed, who met his death in battle after ten days' fighting against King Omar. The word taboot, from which the festival takes its name, means literally a tomb, and it is always built in front of the homes of some rich and important Mohammedans and under a temporary shed built for this purpose. The taboots are made from thin bamboo strips covered with highly colored paper, and it is always decorated with isinglass, gold and silver paper, glass balls and much red and green paint. On the ninth day of the festival of Taboots the taboots are carried in a possession through the streets of the various cities in India. On the tenth day all the taboots are thrown into some river, and thus ends the Mohammedan festival of Taboots.—Boston Herald.

Primitive Fire Fighters.

As late as the end of the sixteenth century in London the sole method of extinguishing fires was by means of contrivances known as "hand squirts." These were usually made of brass, with a carrying capacity ranging from two to four quarts of water. The two quart "squirts" were two and a half feet in length, one and a half inches in diameter at their largest part and but half an inch at the nozzle. On each side were handles, and three men were required to manipulate a "squirt." One man on each side grasped the handle in one hand and the nozzle in the other, while the third man worked the piston or plunger, drawing it out while the nozzle was immersed in a supply of water which filled the cylinder. The bearers then elevated the nozzle, when the other pushed in the plunger, the skill of the former being employed in directing the stream of water upon the fire. Such primitive contrivances are said to have been used during the great fire of 1666.

Mythical Horses.

Pegasus ("born near the source of the ocean") was the winged horse of Apollo and the Muses. Bellerophon rode this animal when he charged the Chimera.

Sleipnir ("the black horse of Odin") had eight legs and could carry his master on sea as well as land. This animal is believed to typify the wind, which blows from eight different points.

Al Borak ("the lightning") was the horse commissioned by Gabriel to carry Mohammed to the seventh heaven. He had a human face and the wings of an eagle. Every step he took was equal to the farthest range of human vision.

According to Thessalian legend, the first horse was miraculously brought forth by Neptune striking a rock with his trident.

A Japanese Anthem.

The majority of national anthems are not conspicuous for beauty, either of words or music. The only one composed by a musician of the very first rank is the Austrian anthem, for which Haydn is responsible. And in no country has the composition of a really great poet been adopted except in Norway, where Bjornson's stirring lines beginning "Yes, we love this country," serve as the national anthem. The Japanese have a daintily worded anthem which Captain Brinkley translates as follows:

Until this grain of sand,
Tossed by each wavelet's freak,
Grows to a cloud girt peak,
Towering above the land;
Until the dewy flake
Beading this blossom's gold
Swell to a mighty lake—
Age upon age untold,
Joy to joy manifold
Add for our sovereign's sake.

A Dirge.

She laid the still white form beside those which had gone before. No sob, no sigh, forced its way from her heart, throbbing as though it would burst. Suddenly a cry broke the stillness of the place, one single heartbreaking shriek; then silence, another cry, more silence, then all silent but for a guttural murmur which seemed to well up from her very soul. She left the place. She would lay another egg tomorrow.—Princeton Tiger.

Reversed.

An East Boston doctor told of the experience of a druggist the other day who sold some alcohol to a new customer. After the man had signed the book as required he said: "Now, don't get that name twisted. It is Michael Sullivan and not Sullivan Michael, same as they turned it around in the directory."—Boston Journal.

A Light Retort.

"How did the trouble in the family start?"

"The wife, it seems, got tired of her husband's heavy wit."

"Why didn't she simply make a light retort?"

"She did. She threw the lamp at him."—Exchange.

A Puzzle.

Mother (reprovingly to little girl just ready to go for a walk)—Dolly, that hole was not in your glove this morning. Dolly (promptly)—Where was it, then, mamma?

Couldn't Risk It.

Husband—Did you hunt up the new cook's references? Wife—No, John, I didn't. I was afraid they might prove prejudicial.—Harper's Bazar.

The innocent seldom find an uneasy pillow.—Cowper.

Satisfied With Himself.

"Have any serious trouble with your new automobile?"

"Not a bit. So far I haven't hit a single man without being able to get away before he got my number."—Cleveland Leader.

Give, if thou canst, an alms; if not, afford instead of that a sweet and gentle word.—Robert Herrick.

Royal Mistakes.

Sovereigns and princes are strangely given to making astonishing mistakes while dealing with dates. The inscription on King Edward VII.'s coffin that he died in the ninth year of his reign instead of the tenth is only an example of many similar errors. In November, 1858, Queen Victoria wrote to the late king to inform him that he might consider himself emancipated from parental authority and control, as he was now eighteen years old and therefore of age. Her majesty's letter, which was very long, was a quasi sermon, and it ended by informing the then Prince of Wales that he would be forthwith made a knight of the Garter and a colonel in the army. How Queen Victoria and Prince Albert fell into so extraordinary a mistake it is impossible to understand, for the prince had only then completed his seventeenth year. Dean Wellesley, to whom the young prince showed the letter, at once detected the serious error into which the queen had fallen, but he thought it best to say nothing.—London Truth.

Got Full Measure.

All yesterday James had played truant from school, and when the irate master raised his cane threateningly James burst into a flood of tears.

"Please don't lick me, sir," he sobbed.

"And why should I not lick you, pray?" thundered the schoolmaster.

"W'y, sir, 'cos I think I've 'ad enough!" gasped James. "Yesterday the boy as I played truant with and I fell out and he licked me, and a man we threw stones at caught me and licked me, the driver of a cart we hung on to licked me, the owner of a cat we chased licked me. Then when I got home mother licked me, and after that father licked me, and then mother licked me again for calling her a sneak for telling father."

"Well," responded the master grimly, "by this time one licking more or less won't make much difference, and it seems hard I shouldn't have my whack. Come here, sir!"—London Answers.

Remnants of a College Course.

Prosecuting Attorney (examining a prospective juror)—Do you know anything about chemistry?

"I studied it at school."

"Do you think you remember enough of it to make you a competent juror in a poison case?"

"I'm not sure."

"Do you remember any of the formulas?"

"Let me see—two."

"Only two?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are they in a poem?"

(Blushing) "Yes, sir."

"Is this the poem?

"Our Willie boy is dead and gone.
We ne'er shall see him more.
What Willie thought was H2O
Was H2SO4."

(Blushing furiously) "Yes, sir."

"I thought so. You are excused."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Three Men.

When H. H. Rogers was in the prime of his power, says a New York writer, he formed a "friendship partnership" with Mark Twain and Thomas Brackett Reed and took personal charge of their affairs, looking after them as he would a couple of children. It was great fun for all three, and especially Rogers. Neither Clemens nor Reed had any sense for business. The big ex-speaker came to New York a poor man. Five years later he died suddenly, and his estate assayed over $600,000. He probably had no idea what he was worth at any stage. Rogers made as much or more money for Clemens.

His Maiden Speech.

It is related that when the Earl of Rochester in the reign of Charles II. rose to make his maiden speech in the house of lords he said: "My lords—my lords, I rise this time for the first time—the very first time. My lords, I divide my speech into four branches." Here there was an embarrassing pause of some seconds. "My lords," the earl then ejaculated, "if ever I rise again in this house you may cut me off, root and branches and all, forever."

Wanted It Plain.

Mrs. Youngwife—I want to get some salad. Dealer—Yes'm. How many heads? Mrs. Youngwife—Oh, goodness! I thought you took the heads off. I just want plain chicken salad.

Appearances.

Magistrate—If I remember rightly, this is not your first appearance in court. Prisoner—No, your honor, but I hope you don't judge by appearances.

Uncanny Signs.

The air is filled with portents dire
That make men quiver and turn pale—
The sky alight with bannered fire!
The peach crop certain not to fail!
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Variety.

New Maid—Please, mum, there's a man at the door come to collect on something yez bought on the installment plan.

Mistress—Ask him whether it's the encyclopedia, the phonograph, the brass bed, the piano or the sewing machine.—Harper's Bazar.

Bent and Broke.

Most people start on pleasure bent—
Alas, it is no joke!—
And when they've spent the last red cent
They come home pleasure broke.
—Chicago News.

Once Was Enough.

Uncle Hiram (at the theater)—Well, Mirandy, I guess we'll be goin' now.

Mirandy—But there's another act.

Uncle Hiram—I know there be. But it says on the program act 4 same as act 2, and I vum I don't keer to see it twice over.—Boston Transcript.

Is This Hot Enough?

The sun is overhead and hot—
It makes the fielders totter—
But, oh, the ball the pitcher shot
Is more direct and hotter!
—Buffalo Express.

Between Issues.

"I fear the hero of the magazine serial will be bankrupt next month."

"Why so?"

"He leaves a taxicab waiting in the last chapter."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ECCENTRIC PAVING.

Louis XIV. Covered One Courtyard With Silver and Gold.

Many interesting instances of individual eccentricity or extravagance in the selection of material for paving streets and roads may be cited. It is related that when Maximilian Emanuel succeeded to the throne of Bavaria he celebrated the event by causing one of the roads leading to his palace to be paved with plates of burnished copper. This, gleaming in the sunshine, gave all the effect of the more precious metal—gold.

We are told also that Louis XIV. paved one of the courts at Versailles with squares of silver, each of which had recorded upon it some triumph of the French arms. In the center of the court stood a large tablet of gold in representation of the luxurious monarch's favorite emblem, the sun. Memoirs of the time of Louis make mention of a lodge erected to the love of his youth, the fair Louise de la Vallière. The approach was paved with mirrors wherein was painted an allegory setting forth the undying devotion of the king to Louise.

An eccentric nobleman of Milan conceived the idea of paving the courtyard of his palace with slabs of marble, granite and other stone, each from a different land. It is said that Europe, America, Asia, Africa and Australia all contributed materials to make up this quaint mosaic composed of more than 1,000 pieces, every one of which was suitably inscribed with the name of the country or state whence it came.—Harper's Weekly.

WITTY TOASTS.

Humorous Hits That Have Helped to Enliven Banquets.

A publisher once gave the following: "Woman, the fairest work in all creation. The edition is large, and no man should be without a copy."

This is fairly seconded by a youth who, giving his distant sweetheart, said, "Delectable dear, so sweet that honey would blush in her presence and treacle stand appalled."

Further, in regard to the fair sex, we have: "Woman—she needs no eulogy. She speaks for herself." "Woman, the bitter half of man."

In regard to matrimony some bachelor once gave, "Marriage, the gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted ground and returns to earth."

At the marriage of a deaf and dumb couple some wit wished them "unspeakable bliss."

At a supper given to a writer of comedies a wag said: "The writer's very good health. May he live to be as old as his jokes."

From a law critic: "The bench and the bar. If it were not for the bar there would be little use for the bench."

A celebrated statesman while dining with a duchess on her eightieth birthday in proposing her health said:

"May you live, my lady duchess, until you begin to grow ugly."

"I thank you, sir," she said, "and may you long continue your taste for antiquities."—London Tit-Bits.

George Washington's Sobriquets.

Washington was called by many sobriquets. He was first of all "Father of His Country." "Providence left him childless that his country might call him father." Sigourney calls him "Pater Patriae." Chief Justice Marshall, the "American Fabius." Lord Byron in his "Ode to Napoleon" calls him "the Cincinnatus of the West." For having a new world on his shoulders he was called the "Atlas of America." The English soldiery called him by the sarcastic nickname of "Lovely Georgius." Red Jacket, the Seneca Indian chief, called him the "Flower of the Forest." The Italian poet Vittorio Alfieri called him "Deliverer of America." His bitter opponents sarcastically called him the "Stepfather of His Country" during his presidency.

Partnership.

Once when I was a little boy I slept out in a barn all night, and it was cold, and I shivered and couldn't sleep. But in the next yard there was a little dog, and he was cold, too, and he shivered. And I got him over in the barn, and we lay down together, and he snuggled up to me, and I snuggled up to him. And pretty soon we were both warm, and we both slept. I had warmed him, and he had warmed me. And so if a fellow snuggles a little hope or a little joy or a little desire or a little beauty close up against his ache, why, pretty soon it has warmed him, and he has warmed it. He is stronger and better and the whole world of hope or joy or beauty or desire is stronger and better for it.—Larry Ho in St. Paul Dispatch.

A Curious Relic.

A curious relic of Louis XVII. is the "game of dominos" made of pieces of the Bastille which were given to the dauphin before he and his parents left Versailles forever. It is said that when the box containing it was brought in the queen exclaimed to her bedchamber woman, Mme. Campan, "What a sinister plaything to give a child!" The sinister plaything is with other revolutionary objects preserved in Paris.

Visual Proof.

She—Mr. Sweetly has such polish and such finish! Haven't you observed them? He (savagely)—No, I haven't, more's the pity! I'd like to see his finish.—New York Press.

Hardness and Coldness.

Ethel—Jack really won Maud by hardness and coldness. Elsie—What do you mean? Ethel—Diamonds and ice cream.—Boston Transcript.

Admitted.

She—Oh, I have no doubt you love me, but your love lacks the supreme touch—unselfishness.

"What makes you say that?"

"You admit it. You want me for yourself alone, you say."

The Utopia of today is the reality of tomorrow.—Passy.

Blamed the Architect.

An architect who had business at the criminal courts building saw an old private pupil of his on trial for burglary. He waited around until the man was convicted; then he spoke to him.

"How did you happen to go to the dogs, Jim?" he said. "I expected better things from a man who pegged away at architecture as earnestly as you did."

"I pegged away because I needed a knowledge of architecture in my business," said the burglar. "I was a bad one then, but I wasn't proficient. I found I could accomplish much more if I knew how houses ought to be built. Suppose I wanted to tackle a strange house and had no way of examining the interior beforehand. If I knew the rules of architecture I could reconnoiter and get a good idea from the outside of the house how it was planned on the inside and so move about much more safely than a dunderhead who knew nothing about building. What I learned from you helped me through many a tight place. I wouldn't have been caught this time if I hadn't struck a house that had been planned by a bum architect."—New York Press.

The Odd Minutes.

It is really wonderful how much can be gained by improving odds and ends of time in keen analytical observing, thinking, reading, studying. Think of the untold wealth locked up in the spare moments and long winter evenings of every life. It is possible to pick up an education in the odds and ends of time which most people throw away. If those who have been deprived of a college education would only make up their minds to get a substitute for it they would be amazed to see what even the evenings of a few weeks devoted conscientiously to the college studies would accomplish. When a noted literary man was asked how he managed to accomplish so much with so little friction or apparent effort he replied, "By organizing my time—to every hour its appointed task or duty, with no overlapping or infringements." There is a great deal of time wasted, even in the busiest lives, which, if properly organized, might be used to advantage.—Success Magazine.

Romance of Samuel F. B. Morse.

The story of Samuel Finley Breese Morse, born fifteen years after the battle of Bunker Hill, is one of the thrilling romances of American biography. On Main street, Charlestown, at the very foot of Breed's hill, I found the birthplace of the great discoverer who fulfilled the almost prophetic utterance of Shakespeare when he spoke of Puck as "girdling the earth in forty minutes." He fought battles and won victories that were just as important as those of any general or admiral on land or sea. He has practically conquered time and distance. He began his career, strange to say, as an artist and amid his struggles and hardships learned that courage and energy would do more than anything else in this world, whether in art or in the pursuit of some abstruse problem in science. Enemies could not dismay him, and inch by inch he fought his way until he won the victory that was flashed out to the world across telegraph wires.—National Magazine.

Teaching the Cutpurses.

Stow in his account of London between 1560 and 1590 depicts an inn kept by a kind of Fagin of the time of Queen Elizabeth: "One Wotton kept an alehouse * * * near Billingsgate, and in the same house he procured all the cutpurses about the city to repair. There was a school set up to learn young boys to cut purses. Two devices were hung up. The one was a pocket, the other was a purse. The pocket had in it certain counters and was hung about with hawk's bells and over the top did hang a little scaring bell. The purse had silver in it. And he that could take out a counter without any noise was allowed to be a public foyster. And he that could take a piece of silver out of the purse without noise of any of the bells was adjudged a judicial nypper, according to their terms of art. A foyster was a pickpocket; a nypper was a pickpurse or cutpurse."

Tricks Any Husband Can Learn.

To tell yellow from green in matching silk. To wash the dishes without breaking more than two. To keep quiet when he's spoken to. To face the cook when she's angry. To find out what ails the gas range. To stand in line an hour for two trading stamps. To set up his wife's brother in business. To get up winter nights to investigate "robbers." To smile when his old sweethearts' pictures are burned up. To prefer balma at home to billiards at the club. To drop his old friends because they are "vulgar." To give up coffee because it disagrees with his wife.—Puck.

The Old Man's Schedule.

When they asked the Billville youngster what the "old man" was doing now he replied:

"Well, when he ain't talkin' his head off 'bout breakfast bein' late he's a-raisin' Cain with the hired hands, an' when he ain't a-doin' of them things he's a-diggin' fer bait an' fishin' in the river an' a-doin' of nuthin' perticklar."—Atlanta Constitution.

Entirely Different.

"It's all very well before a girl's married for her to get a flower in her hair," remarked the observer of events and things, "but it's an entirely different matter if, after she's married, she gets her hair in flour."

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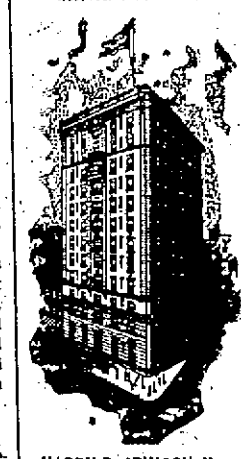

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

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Saturday, August 13, 1910.

New York bakers will be compelled to sell all bread by weight after October 1st.

It is going to be a great time for the blue-jackets of the navy next week. Newport is doing all in its power to provide for their entertainment.

Road building is to be taught in the big colleges of the country. The obscure post of highway commissioner will eventually become a very important one.

The Narragansett Pier season seems to be approaching an untimely end. The exodus of fashionable folk who evidently feared that they might be summoned as witnesses in the proceedings against a gambling place is one of the features of the summer.

A farmer of Winsted, Conn., has found that he was a little slow with his haying. When he went to the field to cut the crop he found that someone had been there before him and not only cut the hay but also had carried it off. It pays to be the early bird.

The adjourned session of the General Assembly will begin next Tuesday. It is hoped that the session will not be a long one, but there is considerable business to be transacted. The report of the districting commission is to be considered, and it is possible that the tax measures may be taken up.

Newport is having a busy and prosperous season, and the rest of August will be as lively as any part of the summer that has preceded it. With the visit of the fleet, the beginning of the tennis tournament, the horse show and many other events yet to come there will be plenty going on during the remainder of the summer.

Senator Aldrich has made a reply to the vicious attacks that have been made upon him by seekers after notoriety and political position. He states his case clearly and concisely and in every instance controverts the malicious statements that have been made by the "Insurgent" orators and spellbinders. His contempt for these maligners is very evident.

Narragansett Pier has achieved considerable unenviable notoriety during the past week. Raids have been made on fashionable gambling places and both society men and women have been caught "with the goods." The constable who made the raid was himself raided and the evidences of gambling taken away in automobiles, right before his eyes. It looks as though the town authorities were not trying very hard to suppress crime in that village.

The assailant of Mayor Gaynor of New York may not be insane, but he doubtless has a perverted mind, very likely influenced by reading the sensational newspapers of New York. In fact in his pockets when arrested was found a copy of one of the yellow journals containing an article that would have a tendency to inflame his mind with hatred. Many serious crimes have been traced to this same influence and yet the people of the country encourage them in their way.

It is not often that photographs are taken of a man being shot by another. Yet in the case of Mayor Gaynor there have been many pictures shown of the scene immediately after the shooting before the injured man had time to sink to the floor. The explanation is that a large number of newspaper photographers had their cameras trained on the spot, waiting to take a picture of the Mayor and his friends on his departure for Europe. Several cameras were snapped a moment after the shots were fired.

The honesty of the so-called independent press is strikingly illustrated in its treatment of public men. The blind demagogue of a Senator Gore charges Vice President Sherman with having something to do with the Indian lands bribery case and instantly all the independent papers of the country come out with flaming headlines in the largest type they can find echoing Gore's statements and coloring them to suit their taste. For a day or two Vice President Sherman was the guiltiest wretch in the United States. Then when Gore finds he has absolutely no proof to connect Vice President Sherman with any shady transaction whatever, and Mr. Sherman had denied the charges in the most vigorous and positive manner and Gore had taken it all back and said he did not intend to connect Sherman with the frauds and bribery charges, the aforesaid independent papers publish the Oklahoma Senator's withdrawal of the charges in the most obscure manner, in many instances leaving the readers the impression that Sherman was guilty of something, notwithstanding the statement of the author that the charges were absolutely groundless. The so-called independent press is a law unto itself that no honest paper that has any regard for its reputation would care to copy.

Indebtedness of Cities.

New York City's share of the total net indebtedness of the principal cities of the country is so large as to attract general attention. As a matter of fact, New York's net debt constituted almost two-fifths of that of the 158 cities having 30,000 or more inhabitants in 1908. The total net indebtedness of these cities at the close of that year was $1,718,000,000, of which $681,000,000 was owed by New York City. Indeed, that city had more than seven times the indebtedness of any other city and more than one-half the total for the twenty-nine largest cities of the country. New York led all the other cities with a per capita net debt of $157.74, being followed in order by Cincinnati with $123.61; Boston with $119.48; Galveston with $113.67; Portland, Me., with $107.41; Newton, Mass., with $106.13; Pueblo, Col., with $104.61; and Pawtucket, R. I., with $103.78. Of cities of over 300,000 estimated population, Detroit with $26.32 had the smallest per capita net debt.

Of those having a population between 100,000 and 300,000, Indianapolis had the smallest net debt, viz., $17.43, and Joplin, with $8.69, had the smallest net debt among cities having a population between 30,000 and 100,000. There was an increase in the net debt of the 158 cities of $165,877,856 for the fiscal year 1908, as compared with an increase of $120,930,631 the year before. More than three-fourths of the increase is credited to the sixteen largest cities and almost one-half to New York City alone. Payments on account of outlays for new properties or new work for all the cities considered amounted to $275,093,695 for 1908, as compared with $244,117,298 for the preceding year. Of the total amount $53,417,149 was expended by New York City, while Chicago spent $18,093,986 and Philadelphia $14,473,184. Nearly one-third of the total outlay was for public service enterprises, almost one-fourth of New York's expenditures being of this character.

Banks in Rhode Island.

According to the report of State Bank Commissioner Goodwin, the banks are in a prosperous and growing condition. A three years' comparison of savings banks, Trust Companies, State banks and National banks shows the following results: Savings banks resources in 1908, 1909, 1910, respectively, $71,779,665.80; $75,011,611.35; $77,828,224.75, a gain in the resources in the three years of $6,048,558.89. The Trust companies make a still better showing of resources for the three years as follows: $110,389,092.64; $116,838,839.86; $121,061,132.62, being a gain of $10,675,039.98. The showing of the State banks for the three years is as follows: $2,272,831.04; $2,737,018.73; $2,834,295.09. All the National banks in the State make the following showing for the three years: $41,896,285.48; $44,604,497.12; $47,840,868.98. Each department of banking shows a distinct gain, all of which goes to show that the condition of Rhode Island is still prosperous.

Frankly Spoken.

[American Economist.]

Frankly, the "World" wishes that some of these insurgent leaders were in the Democratic party where they belong—men like Bonliver and Cummins and Bristow and Norris.—New York World.

Frankly does the American Economist wish precisely the same thing. It is the proper and natural place for them. The Democrats of Minnesota in their convention resolutions last week commended the Insurgents of Minnesota "for their vote on the Payne Tariff bill." Certainly. Why not? Mr. Bryan, it is reported, strongly favors the reelection of Insurgent Norris from the Fifth Nebraska district. This shows that Mr. Bryan has a lucid interval now and then. Rightly the Democrats feel a fraternal interest in those who would destroy Protection and take from the Republican party its only asset. Rightly the "World" contends that:

In this campaign Democrats and Insurgents are fighting for practically the same things. They have no important differences.

The only difference is that the Democrats are not sailing under false colors.

Rapping the Insurgents.

[American Economist.]

Misrepresentation and deception never have gone far in promoting a good cause, and the sooner progressive Republicans abandon the Cummins form of stump oratory the better it will be for the cause they assume to represent.—New York "Tribune."

A very sensible conclusion. A little late, to be sure, but sensible. The "Tribune" has heretofore shown a disposition to coddle the Insurgents. It had no words of reprobation for Beveridge, whose speech at Indianapolis was as full of misrepresentation and deception as any of Cummins' wildest harangues. But an important election is near at hand and the "Tribune" has just begun to realize the fact that the kind of insurgency which it has condoned is in reality a party crime. Hope the awakening will be permanent.

BLOCK ISLAND.

The old Seaside House was completely destroyed by fire at an early hour Saturday morning, the guests being obliged to leave as quickly as possible. The building was totally destroyed. The fire was started about 2 o'clock by the overturning of a lamp in the room of one of the guests. The flames spread quickly and it was at once seen that the building was doomed. The guests and servants were aroused and all made their escape in safety. The burned building was the old Captain Francis Willis homestead and was run by Capt. Edgar H. Willis as a boarding house. The large addition to the house, which the late Francis Willis built for a summer hotel, was moved off some years ago.

MIDDLETOWN.

The Arnold Library, originally named the Middletown Circulating Library, which has been located in the Peabody school house since 1891, has been transferred to the Berkeley Parish House. The books were removed by the authority and under the direction of the School Board who desire to utilize the space for school purposes. The library originated in the thought of Mrs. Samuel Greene Arnold, a nearby summer resident, who donated somewhat over 200 volumes and 45 pamphlets. In lieu of a more suitable building at that time, the books were placed in the school house and were for the benefit of the entire town. Later on, the young people of the locality gave a number of entertainments to raise money for the purchase of books and a State appropriation aided in increasing the number of volumes to some 450. Beginning in September the books can be taken from the Parish House on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Archibald Grinnell, Mr. E. Raymond Peckham and Mr. Thomas Naven, who are employed at the Brown and Sharpe Manufacturing Co., Providence, are spending their two week's vacation here. Mr. Grinnell is accompanied by his wife and two sons.

A representative of Ginn and Company, publishers, of Boston, Mr. H. Philip Paley, has been interviewing the school committees of Portsmouth, and Middletown the past week in regard to new text books for the schools.

Word has been received from Honolulu from Mr. Robert Olds, formerly of Middletown, who is on his way to the Philippines where he has been transferred from California. He is a member of the government coast survey service.

THIRTEEN YEARS IN BED

Malden's Ossified Girl Relieved of Long Suffering by Death

Malden, Mass., Aug. 12.—Margaret Murray, 25, died yesterday afternoon of ossification at the home of her parents at 5 Taylor street. For the last few days the girl's entire body has been rigid, and the only sign of life manifested in it was faint palpitation of the heart.

Specialists were called to the Murray home to treat her, but all were baffled. For thirteen years the girl has been lying in bed, unable to leave it. For the greater part of that time she has been able to take nourishment in liquid form only when her parents or sisters administered it to her.

During the thirteen years that she has lain helpless the girl has been conscious of all that went on about her. Her eyesight was excellent and her mind was not affected. In her school days she had been unusually brilliant.

Biplane Turns Somersault

Berlin, Aug. 12.—Oscar Heim, a German aviator who was competing in the flying contests at Johannisthal, fell a distance of 250 feet and was probably fatally injured. Heim was driving a Wright biplane, when it suddenly somersaulted.

Gore Exonerates Sherman

McAlester, Okla., Aug. 10.—At the congressional committee's investigation of Indian land sales Tuesday, Senator Gore explained that he completely exonerated Vice President Sherman from any connection with the case.

Engineer Killed in Wreck

Middletown, Conn., Aug. 12.—In a collision between a passenger train and three freight cars loaded with ties, at Maromas, last night, Frederick Bosworth, the engineer, was killed. An open switch caused the wreck.

The Man With the Iron Mask.

The Man With the Iron Mask was a mysterious French prisoner of state, whose identity has never been satisfactorily established. He was closely confined under the charge of M. de St. Mars at Pignerol in 1679, at Exiles in 1681, at Sainte-Marguerite in 1687 and finally was transferred to the Bastile in 1698, where he died on Nov. 19, 1703, and was buried the following day in the cemetery of St. Paul under the name of Marchiali. Dumas made him a twin brother of Louis XIV.

A Volcano.

"What is a volcano?" asked the teacher.

"A mountain with a fire inside," said one.

A smile of comprehension spread over the puzzled face of the smallest pupil as she asked surprisedly, "Is that a mountain range?"

A Pungent Player.

The comedian had his benefit and thankful for the patronage of "kind friends in front" let off this impromptu, which was applauded:

Like a grate full of coals I glow,
A great full house to see,
And were I not grateful, too,
A great fool I should be.

More Important.

"See here, waiter! I found a collar button in this pie!"

"Didn't see nothin' of an umbrella, did yo', boss? Dah was one los' heah las' night."—Scribner's Magazine.

Lead Pipe.

Lead may be melted and when cooled to the solidifying point may be squirted. In this manner lead pipe is made.—Mining World.

Applied History.

First Professor—My dear colleague, I'm a little puzzled. When did the first Peloponnesian war begin? Second Professor—B. C. 431. First Professor—Quite right, quite right. That is the number of my doctor's telephone. I was to call him up and tell him my wife is sick.—Exchange.

Neatly Parried.

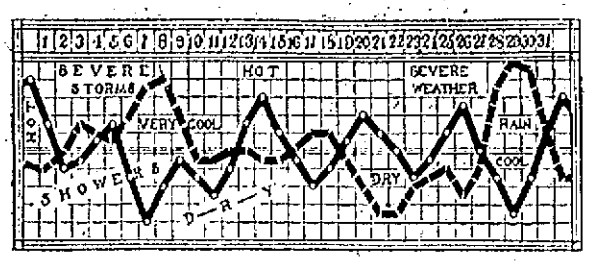
A mother of four daughters, one of whom had recently been married, cornered an eligible young man in the drawing room.

"And which of my girls do you most admire, might I ask?"

"The married one," was the prompt reply.—Exchange.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

Foster's August, 1910, Weather Chart.



Treble line is normal temperature and rainfall; heavy line temperature and broken line rainfall forecast. Going up they indicate a probability of rain or higher temperatures and going down the reverse. Rain will be deficient for August in Florida, Texas, Ohio valleys and parts of the plains states. Elsewhere from about to above normal. Temperatures will average below normal.

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Washington, D. C., Aug. 11.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Aug. 12 to 16, warm wave 11 to 15, cool wave 14 to 18. The interesting features of this disturbance will be a great hot wave over all the country, drouth to the Ohio valleys, excessive rains from Burlington, Iowa to New Orleans, from St. Joseph, Missouri to St. Louis, from Montreal and Biddeford, Maine along the Atlantic coasts to Charleston, South Carolina, with showers and dry spots interspersed throughout middle and western Canada.

Cotton will suffer from drouth in Texas, Oklahoma, Georgia, Alabama, Florida and Cuba, while these rains are falling as above mentioned during the week centering on August 14. Near lower Missouri and middle Mississippi valleys the corn crop will be greatly benefited, but in parts of Kansas, Nebraska, the Ohio valleys it will be seriously damaged. Late and far north spring wheat will hold its own fairly well.

Fourth disturbance of August will reach Pacific coast about Aug. 17, cross Pacific slope by close of 18, great central valleys 19 to 21, eastern sections 22. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Aug. 17, great central valleys 19, eastern sections 21. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Aug. 20, great central valleys 22, eastern sections 24.

The salient features of this disturbance will be dry weather and moderate temperatures. While only a few showers are expected, the moderate temperatures will not be favorable to evaporation and therefore, where showers occured the week previous good crop-weather will prevail, but where it was dry the previous week, the drouth of this storm will hurt growing crops.

On Pacific slope this disturbance will cause severe storms about August 17, and, at the same time, the previous disturbance will be causing severe storms on the Atlantic Coast.

Fifth disturbance of August will reach Pacific coast about Aug. 23, cross Pacific slope by close of 24, great central valleys 25 to 27, eastern sections 28. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Aug. 23, great central valleys 25, eastern sections 27. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Aug. 26, great central valleys 28, eastern sections 30.

All features of this disturbance will be more radical than the one preceding. Severe weather will visit many localities, rainfall will be greater where I have predicted an excess of rain for the month and drouth will be more severe where I have predicted drouth for August.

I am now working on temperatures and rainfall for 1911 and will soon have them completed. Heretofore I have worked out under such disadvantages as prevented me from getting the weather worked out a full year in advance, but I hope soon to be able to keep it worked up fully three years in advance.

This will enable me to announce, through the press, some features of the crop conditions, and to estimate the amounts of crop products, from one to three years in advance.

"What kind of fence mending is it you statesmen are supposed to do when you go home for the summer?" "A little hedging, as a rule," replied Senator Sorghum.—Washington Star.

"I see Jinx has got himself another new toupee."

"Yee, he is a regular fresh hair fiend."

"You seem to be popular here." "Shhh! Didn't you hear me ask about Fido's health?"—Birmingham Age Herald.

WEEKLY ALMANAC

AUGUST 1910	STANDARD TIME					
	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water Morn		High water Eve
12 Sat	5 7	7 2	11 15	1 18	1	47
13 Sun	5 8	7 1	11 50	2 15	2	43
15 Mon	5 9	7 0	mo'n	3 20	3	38
16 Tues	5 10	7 58	0 32	4 18	4	27
17 Wed	5 11	7 57	1 21	5 03	5	15
18 Thurs	5 12	7 55	2 22	5 48	6	01
19 Fri	5 13	7 54	3 29	6 31	6	47

New Moon, 5th day, 1h. 37m., morning
First Quarter 12th day, 9h. 1m evening
Full Moon 20d day, 2h. 11m., evening
Last Quarter, 27th day, 9h. 33m., morning

VAHEY WILL NOT WITHDRAW

Declares His Positive Candidacy For Governorship of Bay State

Worcester, Mass., Aug. 11.—"I shall positively be a candidate for the governorship of Massachusetts this fall on the Democratic ticket, and under no consideration do I intend to withdraw from the race."

This was the announcement made by James H. Vahey at the outing of the Worcester county Democratic committee at Edgemere. There have been rumors that Vahey would withdraw from the race in favor of Congressman Foss, but Vahey's statements put a crimp in the bonnet of any Democrat who expected Foss to have a clear field for the gubernatorial candidacy.

A great crowd of Democrats from all over the state listened to Vahey's speech, in which he predicted Democratic victory in the coming state election.

MOVEMENT IS BEGUN TO OUST BALLINGER

Taft's Private Secretary Is Reported to Be Behind It

Washington, Aug. 11.—That Postmaster General Hitchcock will be sought to do what he can toward getting Secretary Ballinger out of the cabinet is the information that is disclosed here on high authority. It is now well known in Washington that the man who is setting the forces in motion to have Ballinger get out of the cabinet is Private Secretary Norton.

Mr. Norton is impressed by the complaints of politicians which are reaching Beverly that Ballinger's presence in the cabinet is an obstacle to Republican success in the present campaign.

That the mission of Senator Crane in so far as it related to removing Ballinger from the cabinet was a failure and that the publicity given it prevented its success is the statement made here in well-informed quarters. Now it is said Norton takes the view that Hitchcock, having been chiefly instrumental in getting Ballinger into the cabinet, should be chiefly instrumental in getting him out.

WITH JUST FOUR SHOTS

Chicago Man Murders Three of His Family and Kills Self

Chicago, Aug. 12.—W. J. Meyers, gunkeeper of a shooting gallery, used his skill with a revolver with tragic purpose, shooting three members of his household through the head and then taking his own life.

Just four shots were fired and four lives were snuffed out by Meyers' unerring aim. The dead are W. J. Meyers, aged 40; Mrs. Grace Meyers, aged 25, his wife; Ralph Meyers, aged 7, their son; F. S. Bouton, aged 65, father of Mrs. Meyers.

A revolver with four chambers empty lay beside the body of Meyers. Death in each case apparently had been instantaneous.

Meyers and his wife separated recently after she had him placed under bonds to keep the peace. There are no living eye witnesses to the tragedy.

Frozen Eggs Kill Guinea Pig

Philadelphia, Aug. 12.—As the result of an experiment upon a guinea pig that died after being inoculated with frozen eggs, J. Buschel, a dealer, was arrested on a charge of selling eggs unfit for food purposes.

ANSWER COMES FROM ALDRICH

Persistent Attacks Lead Him to Break Life-Long Precedent

DENIAL OF RUBBER CHARGES

Not Interested In Manufactured Article or Its Products, Being Connected Only With the Crude Product—Will Quit Senate For Good Next March, but Will Go Out Fighting and Intends to Begin Battle at Once

Washington, Aug. 12.—Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island, enumerating the counts under which he was indicted by Senator Bristow of Kansas, in recent campaign speeches, dealing with the tariff on rubber, in a letter made public last night, denies the charges in their entirety. Incidentally he pays his respects in caustic language to Bristow and what he terms a "little group of men," which entertain opinions similar to the Kansan.

The letter is addressed to William B. McKinley of Illinois, chairman of the Republican congressional committee, and was sent to the headquarters of the committee in this city. The explanation of the rubber duties and the denial of the charges made against him by Bristow are based upon the fact that Aldrich was called upon by a Republican candidate for congress to furnish the facts connected with the changes made in the recent tariff act.

In his reply the senator denies emphatically that he is interested in the rubber industry in the United States. He declares that he is interested in crude rubber, on which there is no tariff. But he is not interested in manufactured rubber or its products. He shows that the increase on manufactured rubber and its products was from 30 to 35 percent. His crude rubber interests are mostly in Mexico.

Not content with the reply which the Rhode Island senator made touching the rubber schedule, Aldrich is preparing to make at least one speech in the fall campaign in which he will defend the cotton schedule, so severely attacked by Senator Dolliver of Iowa and other "progressive" senators. This may lead to further participation in the campaign. Whether Aldrich will make more than one speech is not decided, but he is going out of the senate on March 4, 1911, fighting, and the fight is going to begin now.

In making a public reply Aldrich has broken a life-long precedent of never issuing a statement "under fire." The senator has told his friends, who urged him to reply to the charges, that in his political life he has never felt called upon to make statements in response to "malicious or unjust attacks." In this instance, coming on the eve of an important congressional campaign, however, Aldrich, after deliberating for several weeks and talking the matter over very thoroughly with his friends and political leaders, decided that it is due the Republican party that a reply should be made to the Bristow charges.

The senator is unshaken in his determination not to be a senate candidate again. With regard to this he tells his friends that he has grown tired of being the target of country-wide criticism, nor does he care to lag superfluous on the stage, preferring to retire in the fulness of his power, before old age overtakes him, or his leadership is wrested away by the progressive movement.

Senator Aldrich's determination to reply to the Bristow charges resulted, it is said, from an all-day conference at Warwick, his country home, at which Senator Crane and President Taft's secretary, Charles D. Norton, among others, were present.

PROPOSITION IS DROPPED

International Conservation, One of "My Policies," Pronounced Dead

Washington, Aug. 10.—Former President Roosevelt's proposition to make conservation a world-wide movement by a conference of nations is pronounced officially by the state department to be dead.

Of the forty-nine governments, represented diplomatically in Washington, which were invited just before the former president went out of office to join the movement, only nineteen have replied.

The answer of some of the governments were of such a disinterested character that it was officially decided to carry the proposal no further.

THREE BROTHERS KILLED

Fourth Injured When They Are Struck by an Express Train

East Greenwich, R. I., Aug. 11.—Three boys, sons of John H. Straight of Cowesett, were killed and a fourth brother was seriously injured when they stepped in the path of a New York bound Portland express, travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour around a sharp turn.

A fifth member of the party, Irving Wood, saw the train in time to jump from the track, but his warning cry reached the other boys too late.

The dead are: Robert Straight, 15; Irving Straight, 11; John H. Straight, Jr., 6. The injured boy is Herbert Straight, aged 9.

Explosion In British Fort

London, Aug. 12.—An explosion occurred in one of the forts forming the British coast defense at Spithead. A sergeant was blown to pieces and three enlisted men were fatally hurt.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Bellevue Avenue. Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1887.

He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

Deaths.

In this city, 8th inst., George Allen Slade, formerly of Stonington, Conn.

In this city, 9th inst., Orilla H., wife of John R. Gibson, aged 82 years.

In this city, 11th inst., at his home, No. 11 Lucas avenue, John J. Barrett, aged 44.

In this city, 12th inst., George Anthony, son of George and Margaret Pauline Minbet, aged 4 months and 20 days.

In North Tiverton, 9th inst., Elizabeth A., wife of John Ryan.

In Bristol, 11th inst., James McLaughlin.

In Scituate, 6th inst., Anne A., wife of Waldo E. Farnum, in her 55th year.

In Little Compton, 4th inst., Lewis I. Grinnell, in his 15th year.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

WOULD-BE ASSASSIN FOILED

Mayor Gaynor Is Expected to Recover

BULLET IN HIS NECK

Assailant on Steamer Promptly Taken Into Custody

NO OPERATION AT PRESENT

Details of Murderous Attack by an Ex-City Employe

Hoboken, N. J., Aug. 10.—Mayor William J. Gaynor, who was shot by James Gallagher, a discharged city employe, on board the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse as he was starting for his vacation in Europe, is resting comfortably. After an X-ray examination of the wound in his head the doctors decided not to operate for the present.

The bullet after entering the back of the head split into two parts. The wound is not necessarily fatal, but it is an extremely dangerous one to a man of Gaynor's age. The doctors state that in their opinion unless blood poisoning should set in the mayor will recover. Much anxiety is felt, for a turn for the worse in his condition would cause grave alarm.

The shooting took place on the forward promenade deck of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse on which Gaynor was about to embark for a month's vacation. It was witnessed by scores of men and women and many of the latter became hysterical.

The bullet entered the right side of Gaynor's neck, taking a downward and forward course. He was taken to St. Mary's hospital, Hoboken, in an ambulance.

Mayor Gaynor never lost consciousness and gave directions to those about him after the shooting. He surprised those at his bedside by waking up last night and asking for something to eat.

Story of the Shooting

Twenty minutes before the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse was due to leave her pier in Hoboken Gallagher walked up to where Gaynor was standing on the forward part of the promenade deck exchanging farewell greetings with friends and members of his official family, placed the muzzle of a .38-calibre revolver about twelve inches from the back of Gaynor's head and pulled the trigger.

The first cartridge failed to explode, but the second bullet entered the mayor's neck just back of the right ear. Gallagher then turned the weapon on Robert Adamson, secretary to Gaynor, but Adamson knocked the assassin's hand in the air and upset his balance.

Before he could recover his footing, the powerful fist of "Big Bill" Edwards, the former football giant and head of the street cleaning department, shot out and caught him flush between the eyes, and in another instant he was squirming on the deck under Edwards' massive form. As Edwards and Gallagher went to the deck the latter tried to pull the trigger of his revolver twice again, one of the bullets plowing through the fleshy part of Edwards' left arm and going wild.

The actual shooting was done in a few seconds and it was not until the persons who had been watching the group of officials saw Gaynor stagger and fall into the arms of those around him and saw the struggling form of his would-be slayer on the deck that they realized what had happened.

Conscious and Calm

Passengers on the promenade deck surged toward the spot where Gaynor, a deathly pallor on his face, was calmly giving directions to the excited ones about him. When the bullet struck him Gaynor placed his right hand against the wound, swayed back and forth, but did not fall. Benjamin C. Marsh and Adamson caught him on either side and supported him.

"Get somebody," said the mayor, turning to his secretary. This was all he said as he was led toward his stateroom on the starboard side of the boat, about 100 feet away.

Someone suggested that they carry him, but Gaynor said he was strong enough to make the journey on foot. Officers of the ship opened up a passageway through the horrified crowd.

"Who shot me?" asked the wounded official as tender hands lifted him on a couch and Dr. Lederle, head of the health department, and Dr. Meyer, the ship's physician, proceeded to make a hurried examination. No one was able to give him any information because no one had been able to identify Gallagher as a former city employe, and Gallagher did not make known his identity until he reached police headquarters in Hoboken.

The mayor was told it was the act of a crank, and he said: "Isn't it a pity?" Up to a late hour last night he had not asked for the name of the man who shot him, and those around his bedside did not volunteer the information.

The physicians made Gaynor comfortable until the arrival of an ambulance from St. Mary's hospital,

FACTORS IN TRAGEDY

Mayor Gaynor, Acting Mayor Mitchel and James Gallagher

Photos by American Press Association.

Gaynor was placed on a stretcher and carried down the gangplank through a lane of tear-stained faces. His head was swathed in bandages and his face was hidden from the throng which pressed about the ambulance.

One hour from the time of the shooting the injured official was on the operating table. The mayor displayed remarkable fortitude throughout, and only once gave those about him the impression that he thought his wound was fatal. When they were bearing him down the gangplank to the ambulance he smiled faintly through his bandages and said: "Tell the people good-by."

Many Messages of Sympathy

News of the attempted assassination plunged the city and a large part of the country in grief. Messages of sympathy were sent to the mayor's office by President Taft, Theodore Roosevelt, Governor Hughes and other officials prominent in the life of the nation. These messages poured in from all parts of the country, and the hospital officials were besieged over the telephone for details as to the mayor's condition.

Cablegrams of sympathy were received from all parts of the world, proving that the most remote places have kept in touch with Gaynor's work at the city hall.

At the time of the shooting Gaynor was surrounded by half a dozen members of his official family. Rufus W. Gaynor, his son, was the only member of his family present. He had intended taking the trip with his father.

Gallagher was arrested and arraigned before Recorder McGovern charged with having committed an "atrocious assault with intent to kill." He declined to plead and was locked up in the county jail in Jersey City to await the result of Gaynor's injuries.

Gaynor Shows Improvement

New York, Aug. 11.—Mayor Gaynor is making a splendid fight for his life in St. Mary's hospital, Hoboken, where he has been since Tuesday morning, when James J. Gallagher, a discharged city employe, attempted to assassinate him as he stood talking with friends on the deck of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. His favorable condition leads those about his bedside to believe that his wonderful vitality will pull him through.

A most remarkable feature of the sensational happening is that he does not yet know who shot him. He has not asked about it and no one has volunteered the information.

While his life is still in danger from any one of several complications which are always to be feared in such cases, his physicians are hourly growing more hopeful of his recovery.

New York, Aug. 12.—Mayor William J. Gaynor may be making satisfactory progress, as his attending physicians persistently maintain, but there is an undercurrent of doubtful anxiety that runs contrary to the official bulletin.

Although rumors are afloat that his physicians are in disagreement, Robert Adamson, his secretary, and E. J. Lederle, health commissioner of New York, gave out a statement discrediting the reports of friction among the medical advisers. The statement does not deny the report specifically, but by implication.

POET RILEY STRICKEN

His Recovery From Stroke of Paralysis Is Said to Be Doubtful

Indianapolis, Aug. 12.—James Whitcomb Riley, Indiana's famous poet, is seriously ill at his home in this city as the result of a stroke of paralysis. His recovery is doubtful.

James Whitcomb Riley, who is 57 years old, began contributing poems to Indiana newspapers in 1873. So much of his verse was in the Hoosier dialect that he rapidly became known as "the Hoosier poet." This name stuck to him.

Custom House Shutters Up

Newburyport, Mass., Aug. 8.—The passing of Newburyport as a port of entry was given emphasis with the discontinuance of the custom house and assignment of the former collector, Thomas Huse, to the Boston district as a deputy collector.

ELKINS MAKES STRONG DENIAL

Daughter Not Engaged to Wed Duke of Abruzzi, He Says

CALLS IT "FOOLISH RUMOR"

Expresses Amusement at Dispatches Placing Wife and Daughter at Widely Separated Places and Tells Just Where They Are—Miss Elkins in Germany, Pursued by Nobleman, According to Story From Paris

New York, Aug. 11.—If the Duca degli Abruzzi and Miss Katherine Elkins, the daughter of Senator Elkins of West Virginia, are engaged, as reports from Europe have indicated, Elkins knows nothing of it. In fact he denied emphatically, just before he left this city for New England, that the two are to marry.

"It is a foolish rumor about their engagement," he said, "and nothing more. I am glad to deny it emphatically. I have not heard that the duke has met my daughter during her sojourn abroad. If he had I am sure I would have heard it. These reports about her and the duke, which at first were very serious to me, are now becoming very amusing.

"These reports from Europe sometimes cause me laughter. In one dispatch they have my wife and daughter in one place, and in another dispatch several hundred miles away. The truth is they are at a little place near Wiesbaden, in the north of Germany, where Mrs. Elkins is stopping for the benefit of her health.

"They have not been in the south of Austria or within many, many miles of Venice. I believe they have no intention of going there, either."

As Heard in Paris

Paris, Aug. 11.—A dispatch to L'Eclair from Baden-Baden says that the Duca degli Abruzzi visited Miss Katherine Elkins at Laugenschwalbach on four occasions, each time bringing with him a huge bouquet. The last call was made on July 30.

Miss Elkins and her mother, the correspondent adds, will leave Baden-Baden for Paris this week, and will be joined in the French capital by the duke.

12,500 SUICIDES IN 1909

Poison and Pistol Responsible For Removal of the Most

New York, Aug. 12.—According to statistics compiled by The Spectator the probable number of suicides in the United States during the year 1909 may conservatively be placed at not less than 12,500. Over one-half of the suicides were by poison and firearms, and The Spectator declares that the sale of these should be a matter of much more effective control.

This number, compared with previous figures available from reports submitted by the bureau of vital statistics, shows an increase in self-destruction of 2.1 persons in every 100,000 of population.

ROSE PITONOF'S FEAT

Makes First Undisputed Swim From Hub to Boston Light

Boston, Aug. 8.—At last the swim from Charlestown bridge to Boston light has been accomplished without dispute. Yesterday a stocky school girl succeeded where the most experienced and hardy male swimmers have failed.

Rose Pitonof, 15 years of age, is the one to battle successfully against the treacherous tide and waves, and after 6 hours 51½ minutes of exhaustive work in the water, stepped triumphantly ashore at the light that guards the outer entrance of Boston harbor. The distance is approximately twelve miles.

WOOD ALCOHOL IN WHISKY

Responsible For Serious Sickness of Many Battleship Sailors

Provincetown, Mass., Aug. 9.—Several sailors of the battleship fleet are reported critically ill aboard the hospital ship Solace as a result of having imbibed too freely of whisky containing a generous amount of wood alcohol, and two persons who are alleged to have sold them the liquors have been summoned to court.

The arrests were the result of a raid conducted by Lieutenant Sellars of the Michigan, in which thirty-five quarts of whisky were seized.

Boston's Big Fire

Boston, Aug. 11.—Three or four acres of smoking debris, an eighth of a mile of waterfront along Fort Point channel, in the "lumber district," stripped clean, and the blackened walls of three or four buildings, whose interiors were gutted, bear witness to the worst fire scare that Boston has had in a long time, the cause of the first general alarm since 1896, and to loss of property estimated to be around $500,000.

EGG HATCHED IN STOMACH

Death Comes to Pittsburg Man Who Partook of Turtle Soup

Pittsburg, Aug. 8.—William Douglass of the North Side is dead as the result of a turtle's egg hatching in his stomach.

A few weeks ago Douglass partook of some turtle soup. Four days after taking the soup he became ill and numerous physicians were unable to diagnose his disease. His death resulted.

An autopsy was performed and a partially formed turtle, almost as large as a hen's egg, was found in his stomach.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE DEAD

Was Noted as a Philanthropist and Apostle of Peace

Waltham, Mass., Aug. 12.—Robert Treat Paine, president of the American Peace society and a widely known philanthropist, died at his home here last night.

It was through his efforts in behalf of peace among the countries of the world that Paine became a figure of more than national prominence. At The Hague his name was enrolled among the prominent advocates of disarmament.

Mr. Paine had long been a familiar figure on the streets of Boston and Waltham. Born in Boston in 1835, his career of philanthropies and religious endeavor forms a chapter in the history of that city during the past half century. He was a member of all the charitable institutions of Boston.

In religion he was an Episcopalian, but his charity has always been unsectarian. He is survived by two sons, Robert Treat Paine, Jr., and Rev. George L. Paine, rector of St. Mary's Episcopal church, Dorchester, and three daughters.

HIS WISH GRATIFIED

Pugilist Joe Gans Dies in the Arms of His Old "Mammy"

Baltimore, Aug. 11.—Joe Gans, former lightweight pugilistic champion, died at his home here.

The old master died as he wished to—in the arms of his mother. It was that he might be with his old "mammy" at the end that the great lightweight made his race with death a week ago, hurrying on from Arizona, where he had sought relief in his battle with consumption.

Gans was conscious until two hours before his death. At his bedside at the time he breathed his last, beside his mother, were his wife and two children.

Gans was married three times. The exact cause of his death may be learnedly filed by the physicians, but Father Time and the pummellings received in over 150 ring battles do not leave much doubt as to what finally laid the once great fighter away.

WOMAN IMPLICATED IN COUNTERFEITING

New Light on Queer Doings In Massachusetts State Prison

Boston, Aug. 11.—Three convicts in the Charlestown state prison have been implicated in the counterfeiting which was recently disclosed there by the payment of a bet made by a couple of prisoners on a prison ball game.

Another person, supposed to be a woman, who passed the spurious coin outside the prison doors for the counterfeiters, eluded all attempts on the part of the prison authorities and the secret service men to secure her identity.

Patrick J. Hanley, 50 years old, of Lynn, who is serving a sentence of twenty-five years as an habitual criminal, is regarded as the leader of the counterfeiting gang. The identity of the other two convicts has been withheld by the prison officials.

Graham White's Fine Flight

Blackpool, Eng., Aug. 12.—Graham White last evening flew from Blackpool to New Brighton, forty miles, by aeroplane.

CUTICURA CURED CHIEF OF POLICE

Canadian Officer Poisoned by Weeds—Eczema Developed and Legs Became Scaly—Ankles were Very Sore and Itchy—For Weeks He Could Not Wear Shoes.

FREED FROM ITCHING BY CUTICURA REMEDIES

"I have been successfully cured of dry eczema. I was inspecting the removal of noxious weeds, it being part of my duty, from the edge of a river and was constantly in the dust from the weeds. At night I shook out my trousers and cleansed my limbs, but felt a prickly sensation. I paid no attention to it for two years, but I noticed a scum on my legs like fish scales. I could scrape it off, and yet I did not attend to it until it came to be too itchy and sore and began getting two running sores. My ankles were all sore and scabby and I could not wear shoes. I had to use carpet and felt slippers for weeks. I was then on particular police duty and was compelled to be on duty. I got a cake of the Cuticura Soap and some Cuticura Ointment. In less than ten days I could put on my boots and in less than three weeks, though on duty all the time, I was free from the confounded itching. I tell you frankly that Cuticura saved me from what the doctors called a bad leg. Capt. George P. Bliss, Chief of Police, Morris, Manitoba, Mar. 20, 1907, and Sept. 24, 1908."

For Baby's Bath

Cuticura Soap has Become the Mothers' Favorite.

Warm baths with Cuticura Soap and gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment, most soothing of emollients, preserve, purify and beautify the skin, scalp, hair and hands of infants and children and, assisted by mild doses of Cuticura Pills, afford the most speedy, grateful and comforting treatment for torturing, disfiguring eczemas, rashes and every form of itching, scaly, crusted humor of the skin and scalp. Guaranteed absolutely pure.

Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27 Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5 Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

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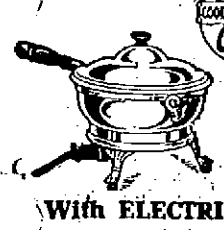
CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculists' prescriptions given personal attention.

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1-27 8:30 a. m.—8:30 p. m.

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A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

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A Full Line of all the

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Improved Varieties

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VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY:

Fernando Barker.

HORSE SWAPPING

In the Good Old Days It Was Sport, Not Commercialism.

A MAN TOOK A CHANCE THEN.

He Didn't Ask For a Written Guarantee That the Animal Was Sound, and If He Got Stuck He Bided His Time to Pass Along the Prize.

"I have been reading that David Harum story," said the ancient liveryman when his cronies were comfortably seated in his little office. "A friend told me that story was the last word on horse trading, but the man who wrote it didn't understand the spirit of the game at all. David Harum would have been skinned out of his teeth if he had blown into any western town in the palmy days of horse trading twenty-five or thirty years ago.

"I tell you, my friends, all the dead game sports are asleep with their fathers. Nobody is willing to take a chance nowadays. If a man buys a cigar he wants a bill of sale with it. The other day a cheap skate pestered me a whole afternoon talking about buying a horse. He tried out all the nags in the barn and finally decided that the glass eyed bay would suit him. And he actually wanted a written guarantee that the horse was sound! A written guarantee! No, gentlemen, I am not joking. That bald-headed travesty on a man actually asked for such a document. I regarded it as an insult, and after I had rebuked him they had to pour four buckets of water over him before he recovered.

"In the good old days horse trading was a game, not a commercial transaction. If a man wasn't willing to take the chances when he went trading he was advised to try some other line of business. Many and many a time I had the harpoon administered to me. One day Major Charlie Slaughter drove to my barn.

"'I have quite a neat package of horseflesh here,' said the major, 'and I have a sort of presentiment that he can travel a few lines when the wind is blowing in the right direction.'

"His horse was a handsome roan, a regular peacock for style, with his head away up in the air so you'd need a stepladder to see if he had a star on his forehead. And the way he hit the road was a sin. Talk about gaited horses! That roan handled his legs as though he had taken sparring lessons. Now, my weak point in the horse business is that when I want a certain nag the worst way I can't conceal the fact. I just can't sleep or eat my victuals until that horse is in my barn with a new halter on him. The major was wise to my weakness.

"'It's no use, Jake,' says the major. 'This boss isn't on my swapping list. Every roan hair on him just suits me, and I'd be a chump to let him go.'

"Well, of course I got the roan all right. The major was just bluffing. And I gave him the biggest trade you ever heard of—gave him a matched team and several bills for that gangling roan. And when I took the roan to the water trough for a drink I found that he couldn't lower his head. He had to carry it about ten feet in the air all the time, owing to some injury in his neck. He had to eat his flaked rice off a shelf and drink from a garden hose, and a man needed an aeroplane to put a bridle on him.

"Did I raise a fuss with the major? What sort of skate do you take me for? Next time I met him I told him I liked the roan better than any horse I ever saw. 'He isn't always rooting in the ground like a pig,' said I, 'and if you had told me about his patent dirigible neck I'd have given you $10 more.' We were sports in those days.

"One time the veterinary surgeon told me about a fine trotting horse in a town some distance away which had been deprived of its tail by a surgical operation. I went and looked at the horse. He was a perfect beauty and could trot like an avalanche. But he had just a stump of a tail, and the owner was ashamed to drive him, so I bought the critter for a song. I went to a lot of trouble having a tail made for him. It was a beautiful, flowing tail, a credit to the hairdresser's art. It was fixed to slip over the horse's stub tail and was then fastened to the crupper of the harness, and a man needed good eyes to see that it wasn't the real thing.

"The major had poor eyes, and when I took him for a drive behind that black trotter he simply had to be tied down to the seat he was so excited. He said he'd always wanted a horse with a tail like that. He had my own weakness. He couldn't pretend indifference when he wanted a thing the worst way, and he wanted that horse so bad that his hair was falling out. After a great deal of deliberation I issued my ultimatum.

"'I'll give you the horse, harness and buggy just as they stand,' said I, 'for your sorrel three-year-olds and $50.' Either of the sorrels was worth a herd of horses like the black.

"'It's a trade,' cried the major.

"Next morning the major came around to my barn all smiles. 'Ever since I was a child and quit playing with a rattle,' says he, 'I have wanted a horse with a detachable tail—a tail that a man could take off and use as chin whiskers at a masked ball. I just balled to pay you another 50 cents, so that when I meet you after this you can't say I took advantage of you in our trade yesterday.'

"Oh, there were real sports in those days."—Walt Mason in Chicago News.

When the sea is smooth we have many good sailors.

He Whistled.

Old Lady (to grocer's boy)—Don't you know that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?

Boy—That's what the guv'nor told me to do, mum.

"Told you to whistle?"

"Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money."

An Early Wall Paper.

On preparing a room in Bradbourne Hall, Derbyshire, in 1882, I found, partly covered by an old oak cupboard, considerable remains of quite early eighteenth century wall paper, of pale green tint, with a flowing pattern in darker color on it. This paper was made in squares of about twenty inches, and I was able to rescue two or more complete pieces. It had been printed on rather thick paper from woodcut blocks, and each square was nailed up with coarse iron tacks about one and a half inches apart, each tack being run through squares or washers of brown leather, so that both tack heads and washers showed all around each square of paper. It is possible that this wall paper was of late seventeenth century date. Bradbourne Hall, in the lower peak, is a picturesque house, almost unaltered, of the time of James I., having been then fashioned from the canonical house of the Augustins of Dunstable. It was just the place—"far from the madding crowd"—where curious details of domestic decorations would survive.—London Notes and Queries.

The Cynic's Point of View.

Of course we all like to know that our enemies are vulnerable, but it is only the cynical elect who can appreciate with fine epicurean fastidiousness the glorious revelation that their friends are human after all. And it is not only the weakness of those near and dear to us, but their misfortunes and annoyances, which give a thrill of illicit joy to those honest contortionists who can look in their own hearts. I once heard a young mother say that there was only one thing which gave her greater pleasure than hearing that the children of her friends were sick, and that was to hear that they were bad. No one but a brom-idiot (to borrow the excellent root with which Mr. Gelett Burgess has enriched us) would think of condemning this young woman for being malicious or unkind. Misery is not the only human quality that loves company. Some of her distant relatives — Anxiety, Discouragement, Annoyance—are equally sociable.—Atlantic.

The Forbidden City.

Peking has been a city for something like 3,000 years, first as the capital of a small state, then destroyed, again rebuilt and finally molded into the form in which we now know it, with its Chinese, Tartar, Imperial and Forbidden cities, each with its inclosing wall. Nobody has ever yet attempted to tell the full tale of its intrigues, its cabals, plots and counterplots. Few know anything about them. No one person knows them all. If only the bricks that form the walls could find a tongue, if only the pavilions on the Coal Hill could produce the sights and sounds that have fallen to their lot to see and hear, there would doubtless be a tale to tell which might vie in interest and dramatic force with anything that ancient Rome or Babylon has given, even through the medium of fiction.—Shanghai Mercury.

Napoleon and Waterloo.

There is nothing in the result of the Waterloo campaign to show any decline in Napoleon's powers of mind. The plan of the campaign as laid down by the emperor was a most brilliant one, and had it not rained on the night of the 17th of June Napoleon would in all likelihood have kept his throne. Had it not rained and made the land miry he would have had his artillery in position four hours before he actually did, and Wellington would have been disposed of long before Blucher's arrival. Even as it was, the Iron Duke was pretty well used up when the Prussian came up on his left. Napoleon's genius never shone more brilliantly than it did in his last campaign. He was defeated by the elements and by the unaccountable stupidity of some of his lieutenants.—New York American.

Assyrian Seals.

The ancient Assyrians nearly 6,000 years ago put in moist clay their seals, engraved in intaglio upon precious stones, on chests and doors, in order to prevent their being opened. There were no locks or keys in those days. If they wished to send a private letter they would often seal it with a hippogriff, which fabulous winged horse was regarded as the emblem of secrecy. Centuries later the Greeks and Romans adopted similar devices for the same purpose.

A QUICK CHANGE.

The Sweet Taffy That Came After the Cold Roast.

"Say, Jen," said Katie, the brunette, with white side combs in her hair, "I see Mamie has bleached her hair again. Ain't it terrible?"

"Yes, perfectly awful!" replied Jennie. "She asked me if I would do it if I were she, and I said 'yes.' Don't she look perfectly dreadful—and it's getting streaked already. You could tell in a minute it was bleached, the roots are so dark."

"Sure. I noticed that!" responded Katie. "And, say, did you see the rag of a dress she had on yesterday? And it's fit—gracious! Looked perfectly dreadful, didn't it?"

"Perfectly dreadful," echoed Jennie.

"Well, she wanted a pattern, and I gave her the one of that dark blue silk I had three years ago," said Katie.

"You did?"

"Yes, I did."

"Oh!"

"And the hat she was wearing," continued Katie. "Did you get your optics on that?"

"Yes."

"Perfect sight, wasn't it?"

"Where did she get it?"

"Oh, down at the Moody's. I helped her pick it out," was Katie's reply. "Why, why, here comes Mamie now," she continued. "Hello, Mamie, you dear, sweet thing! How nice you look—too darling for anything!"

"Yes, indeed," added Jennie. "You do look perfectly charming. Say, let's all go and get some soda."

And the three friends walked away together.—New York Times.

An Innocent Accomplice.

A smuggling story in which a woman fooled her unsuspecting husband is told in the Century. The husband was a retired general, a martinet in discipline and overscrupulous regarding even the shadow of laxity in the performance of his own obligations. "No smuggling was to be permitted," he told his wife, and before leaving Paris he insisted on making a full list of every dutiable article in his possession. Unknown to him she bought several yards of venetian lace. How to hide it was a problem until she thought of ripping the lining of his overcoat and hiding the lace inside. She regarded her cunning as a tremendous joke, and to this day he does not know how she laughed to herself when, wearing that very same coat on the dock, he drew himself up to his full military height and, with free conscience, pointed to a tray containing "all his purchases." No idea of anything so serious as defrauding the government had ever entered her frolicsome mind.

He Needed a Prodding.

His arm was round her waist, her hand was on his shoulder, and they were walking through the fields as they had been wont to do for nine long years.

"Em," said he, "we've been coortin' a tidy time now."

"Nine year come nex' August bank holiday, George."

"I told you, fust start off, as how I shouldn't be in no hurry to git married, Em."

"You didn't tell no lie about it, neither, George," she declared, with a sigh.

"You're a-talkin' as if you was sorry that I'm a man o' my word, Em," he said reprovingly.

"Well, George," she replied, "now you mention it I have bin thinkin' this last year or two that if you could see your way to go back on your word just this once it wouldn't be amiss."—London Mail.

The House Was Shaky.

When John Quincy Adams was eighty years of age he met in the streets of Boston an old friend, who shook his trembling hand and said, "Good morning, and how is John Quincy Adams today?"

"Thank you," was the ex-president's answer. "John Quincy Adams himself is well, sir; quite well, I thank you. But the house in which he lives at present is becoming dilapidated. It is tottering upon its foundation. Time and the seasons have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out. Its walls are much shattered, and it trembles with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost uninhabitable, and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon. But he himself is quite well, sir; quite well."

With that the venerable sixth president of the United States moved on with the aid of his staff.

Had All His Nerve With Him.

In a downtown stand up lunch place, where the chief source of the waiters' revenue is in the form of tips and where the patrons are supposed to step lively so that those who wait may be accommodated, a man has been coming of late who brings a newspaper with him and reads it leisurely, sometimes for half an hour, while he takes his modest luncheon. The waiter at whose station he planted himself one day recently was prepared for the emergency, and when the man had finished reading his paper the servant handed him two others with the remark: "Maybe you'd like to see these?" The other waiters, knowing of the plot, looked to see the man wilt, but were disappointed. He took the papers with thanks, continued reading, and finally, when he asked for his check, asked also whether he might keep the papers.—New York Tribune.

One of Falb's Predictions.

In 1874 Professor Rudolf Falb predicted an eruption of Etna on Aug. 27. He offered a Vienna editor to write an account of it if the editor would send him to Sicily. Falb was commissioned. When he reached Etna there was not the slightest sign of disturbance. As the 27th approached Falb was tortured with anxiety and spent sleepless nights watching the volcano. Nothing happened on the 27th and 28th. The following morning the servant rushed into the professor's room shouting, "An eruption, a terrible eruption!" Falb saw the spectacle and sent off his dispatch.

"One" as a Pronoun.

I have never been smitten with the use of the word "one" as a pronoun. It takes a word juggler to attempt it and get away with it. Unless one feels that one has won one's spurs in this respect and can extricate oneself from the mess one gets oneself and one's readers into one should avoid the use of the word one in referring to oneself as one would a plague.—London Idler.

Swift.

Teacher—Children, nature is superior to man in everything. For instance, there is nothing that travels so fast as the unseen wind. Willie—Huh! You ought to hear what my pa says about a sight draft!—Puck.

His Part.

"Who is the responsible person in this firm?" asked the brusque caller of the office boy.

"Can't tell you, sir," replied the pert lad, "but I'm the one who gets all the blame."

Curiosity is looking over other people's affairs and overlooking our own.—Wayland.

Her Sweeping Abilities.

Mrs. Neurich—Did you notice how grandly our daughter swept into the room at Mrs. Puppson's reception last night?

Neurich—Sure I did! When it comes to sweeping into a room Mamie wins in a walk. But when it comes to sweeping out a room she goes lame.

On Nagging.

My son taught me a lesson on the subject of "nagging" when he was but four years old and one that I have never forgotten. He had been guilty of a small misdemeanor and had tried to wriggle out of it by not telling the exact truth. I gave him a mild spanking and, as has always been my custom, talked the matter over afterward. I began by saying, "Now, Robert, if you had told me the truth I should not have punished you."

He stood before me, scraping one foot along the carpet, and he looked up at me and said, "What would you have done?" And I answered, "I should have only talked to you." "Well," he drawled, "how long would you have talked?"

He is a big boy in high school now, but when times arise requiring a reprimand and I get started I still hear that little voice, "How long would you have talked?" and I go right to the point and say what I have to say on the subject; but, in the boy's own language, I "cut it short" and never refer to it again unless it is absolutely necessary.—Harper's Bazar.

Killing a Bull Without a Weapon.

Cayetano, a famous Spanish toreador, once was strolling across a meadow with a couple of friends when his attention was attracted by an old and infuriated bull which was galloping toward them with lowered head and erect tail. Cayetano had no weapon, not even a cane, but he seized a dust coat which one of his friends was carrying over his arm. As soon as the bull got close to them Cayetano bade his companions make their escape while he engaged the animal's attention. Using the coat as a cape, he drove the bull crazy with fury, stepping aside with the deftest agility at each of the animal's charges. In this manner he caused the bull to turn sharply in the midst of its onward rushes until finally an ominous crack was heard, and the bull fell in a heap, with its backbone broken by the sudden wrench given by the animal's abrupt swerve.

A Lincoln Anecdote.

Jasper Alban Conant tells the following anecdote of Lincoln in the Metropolitan Magazine:

"One of the comical characters in Washington during the war was jolly old Isaac Newton, the Philadelphia Quaker whom Lincoln appointed commissioner of agriculture—a new office just created by congress. Newton, who tried and at the same time amused the president, had made his reputation on a dairy farm. Beyond this he knew little of agriculture.

"Hearing which, I could not refrain from asking Lincoln why he had appointed such an ignorant man to the office.

"'Because I think he's competent enough to attend to all the agriculture we will have till the war is ended,' was the answer."

The Long Silence.

"Yes, we are pretty comfortably fixed here," admitted a veteran employee in the reading room of the Congressional library when a visitor envied him his soft berth and comfortable surroundings. "But there's one thing we long for—yes, thirst for with a burning thirst. That's noise—a real, nerve racking, ear splitting noise. The long hours of soft silence, the dead stillness of everything about, grows so oppressive that at times we could shriek out. We get into a sort of sick-room tiptoe and a low tone of voice that finally degenerates into a whisper even at the telephone. Give us an occasional battery of artillery or a roaring lion or a steam calliope. Even a squalling baby would help some."—Washington Star.

Just a Blunder.

Sir Uptree Moulless (who has got old Coldknsh in a corner at the club)—Mr. Coldknsh, your daughter is the idol of my life, the one hope and aim of my existence. Might I dare hope that some day I may be permitted to call her wife?

Mr. Coldknsh (astounded)—But, my dear sir, I have no daughter.

Sir Uptree M.—Oh, pardon me! Somebody told me that you had. Let's have a drink.—London Scraps.

The Decoy.

"I notice," said the man to the parson, "that, although I am in the front pew, there is always a five dollar bill on the collection plate when it comes to me. Is that the contribution of the man who takes up the collection?"

"Not at all," replied the parson, who believed in business methods. "That's our decoy."—Detroit Free Press.

She Thought Right.

Mrs. Young—I want to get a divorce from my husband. Lawyer—Well, what are your charges? Mrs. Young—My charges? Mercy! I thought I'd have to pay you.—Boston Transcript.

A Duke's Maxim.

It was a maxim of the first Duke of Portland, who was a great lover of race horses, that there were only two places where all men are equal—on the turf and under the turf.

Sir Walter's Knock.

"Ruff on the cloak," remarked Sir Walter Raleigh as he spread down his velvet garment before Queen Elizabeth. He could not resist giving her this little wrap.

Just the Contrary.

"I suppose you're one of those idiots that touch wet paint to see if it's dry."

"No, I'm not. I touch it to see if it's wet."—London Punch.

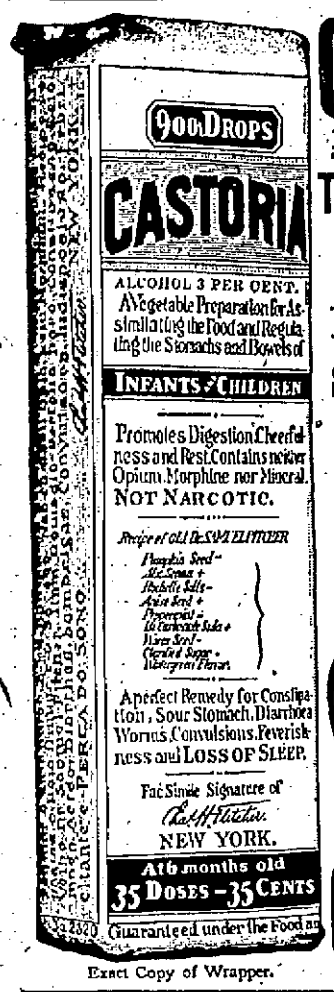
A straight line is shortest in morals as well as in geometry.—Rahel.

Might Have Nodded.

Edna—It's a good thing for me that silence gives consent. Amelia—Why? Edna—Last night when George asked me to be his wife I lost my voice.

A Child's Character.

No artist work is so high, so noble, so grand, so enduring, so important for all time, as the making of character in a child.—Charlotte Cushman.



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Baltimore and Soft Crabs.

The genuine soft crab, or Brachyura baltimoriensis, is the most delicate as it is the most delicious of all victuals. It will no more bear transportation than a zephyr or a daffodil. The moment it is taken from its native deep it begins to lose bounce and flavor, and once it has left the Chesapeake littoral it is no longer eatable. That is why the soft crab is a superb delicatessen in Baltimore and a bitter disappointment everywhere else. So sensitive is it, indeed, to climate and handling that it is impossible to get a decent soft crab anywhere west of the first tollgate on the Frederick road. In Pittsburg, where embalmed soft crabs are offered in the gilded lobster palaces, their flavor is that of glucose. In Chicago the soft crab is a mere curiosity, to be gaped at, but not eaten. Baltimore alone has the genuine article, and it is fortunate for Baltimore that it cannot be transported. If it were possible to ship soft crabs the whole earth would bid for them, running up their price to $1, $5 and perhaps even to $100 a dozen.—Baltimore Sun.

A Teacher in the Making.

She was a popular young normal student who had been to a party the night before, and as a consequence was "not prepared" in the geography class. The woman instructor, true to her method of drawing upon the general knowledge of a student rather than to permit a failure, after eliciting two or three inconsequential "stabs" from her fair but jaded disciple, asked for the products of China.

The victim brightened. "Tea," she asserted, preparing to sit down.

"Yes, and what else?" encouraged the instructor.

The young woman smiled with sweet hopelessness.

"Now you can mention others, I am sure. Just think about it."

"Tea," drawled the flutelike voice of the pretty girl, "and," puckering her forehead with an intellectual tour de force, "and laundry work."—Youth's Companion.

Quick Cure.

Once there was a man who made life miserable for all he met by eternally harping about his aches and pains.

He would discourse on the subject of his dyspepsia, and he would almost interrupt a religious service to tell of his rheumatic symptoms.

If he had a stitch in his side he had to pester his friends with it, and a headache helped him make everybody unhappy.

At last a bright young woman, to whom the man applied for sympathy, cured him of all his ailments.

When he was in the midst of a catalogue of his sufferings, she said sweetly:

"Yes, it is strange how many of these things afflict a man as he begins to grow old."

That man never even had a symptom after that.—Wilbur D. Nesbit in Judge.

When Men Were Branded.

A curious relic of bygone times, probably the only one in England, still stands at Lancaster castle. It is a strong iron boldfast, into which the prisoner, who in olden time had been sentenced to be branded as a malefactor, had his hand thrust and locked. The branding iron after being made red hot at the end was pressed against the "brawne of the thumb," and on being withdrawn the letter M branded on the unfortunate prisoner's flesh indicated from henceforward that he was a malefactor. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the judge and jury and in open court, and the brander invariably turned to the judge after he had done his work and exclaimed, "A fair mark, my lord!" It is over 100 years since the instrument was last used on two men sentenced to imprisonment for manslaughter.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
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HIS EDITORIAL POLICY.

Mark Twain Made a Clean Breast of It to His Readers.

Mark Twain took the editorial chair on the Buffalo Express in August, 1869, and this is the paragraph in which he made the readers acquainted with his new responsibility:

"I only wish to assure parties having a friendly interest in the prosperity of this journal that I am not going to hurt the paper deliberately and intentionally at any time. I am not going to introduce any startling reform or in any way attempt to make trouble. I am simply going to do my plain, unpretending duty—when I cannot get out of it. I shall work diligently and honestly and faithfully at all times and upon all occasions—when privation and want shall compel me to do so. In writing I shall always confine myself to the truth, except when it is attended with inconvenience. I shall withringly rebuke all forms of crime and misconduct, except when committed by the party inhabiting my own vest. I shall not make any use of slang or vulgarity upon any occasion or in any circumstances and shall never use profanity except in discussing house rent and taxes. Indeed, upon second thought, I will not even then, for it is inelegant, un-Christian and degrading. I shall not often meddle with politics, because we have a political editor who is already excellent and only needs a term in the penitentiary to be perfect. I shall not write any poetry unless I conceive a spite against the subscribers."

TWO WORDS DEFINED.

Difference Between a Sanitarium and a Sanatorium.

The words "sanitarium" and "sanatorium" are popularly understood to have the same meaning and are generally used interchangeably when designating or describing places of refuge for sick people, but there is, in fact, quite a distinction between the meaning of the two words. In answer to a correspondent on this subject the Literary Digest says:

"The distinction between these words lies in the fact that they are derived from two different Latin roots. 'Sanatorium' is derived from the late Latin sanatorius, meaning health giving. The term relates specially to 'an institution for treatment of disease or cure of invalids, especially an establishment employing natural therapeutic agents or conditions peculiar to the locality or some specific treatment or treating particular diseases.' On the other hand, 'sanitarium' is derived from the Latin sanitas, from sanus, meaning whole or sound. 'Sanitarium' relates more specifically to 'a place where the hygienic conditions are preservative of health as distinguished from one where therapeutic agencies are employed.' Hence it is the province of a 'sanitarium' to preserve health, that of a 'sanatorium' to restore it. Care should be exercised in combining the proper vowels in these two words in order to indicate correctly the derivation."

Old Maine Bank Closes

Richmond, Me., Aug. 2.—One of the oldest banks in Maine, the Richmond National, closed its doors after fifty years of operation. The surplus, $22,000, will be divided among the holders of 906 shares, par value $100 each, along with the principal.

British Parliament Adjourns

London, Aug. 4.—Parliament has adjourned. It will meet again on Nov. 11. The royal assent has been given to the bills passed, the most important being the civil list measure and the alteration of the king's oath.

SANTAL-MIDY
These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections, and RELIEVES IN 24 HOURS the same diseases without any inconvenience.
MIDY
Sold by all Druggists.

The Successful Philanthropist.

ELIZABETH MASON.

"I've found her," said Pendexter. He had just returned to his lodgings after a week's absence, and sat down with his friend to talk things over.

"Found her?"

"Found my ideal woman," explained Pendexter.

"Now, Pendexter," warbed Brent, "you know you're always working yourself up about ideals, and you are always getting disappointed. Steer clear of them. If you must have some ruinous hobby, take up philanthropy. That at least preserves your disposition."

Pendexter overlooked this irreverence. He composed himself to relate his experience.

"She was singing in a church," he said.

"Church! How happened you in a church?"

"That's the point," said Pendexter, seriously. "I went up into the town one Sunday morning on an errand, and I passed this church, and hearing a woman's voice singing, was somehow drawn inside. Now I don't care for music—don't know one note from another. Why should I have gone in there unless it was to meet my ideal?"

"She must have had something wonderful in her throat to attract you," Brent mocked. "Did you speak to her?"

"I did, I went to her, and not knowing what to say, I told her I had enjoyed her singing. She looked up just like a child, and said, 'I thank you, sir,' in a most provincial accent, and tripped away."

"Your ideal," said Brent, laughing, "was neither original nor well educated."

"At first I own I was slightly disappointed," confessed Pendexter. "And then I saw that no fly however fair could grow absolutely perfect in such poor soil. She was as beautiful as nature could make her in such a place. It was a grave innocent kind of beauty, too, especially captivating to a man like me. Still, the twang in that soft voice and the little provincial manner were like a flaw upon an otherwise perfect thing. I determined at once that somehow, some way, I must remove that flaw. I turned to a man near me and asked her name. He said it was Mary Hale."

"Unromantic," pronounced Brent."

"Romantic enough, however," Pendexter retorted, "to bad her by. That afternoon I sought her out at her home. I did not dare to say I wished to have her educated in pure accent and a more brilliant manner, so I told her that I had particularly noticed her voice for what I believed to be a rare brilliance and quality, and that I would send her three years to Europe to study.

"I'll be hanged," ejaculated Brent in wonder. "What did she say?"

"She burst out crying first," said Pendexter. "I don't just know why. She said it had always been the dream of her life to go abroad and study. She said music was everything in life to her. She said she would reward me by unceasing study, and unfailing pains. We shall change her idea a little, I think, later on. She shall find another way to reward me, Brent. If this girl comes back, my personified ideal, as I think she will, I will make her my wife."

Brent smiled. "She won't," he said. "You'd better go in at the start for philanthropy."

Three years later Pendexter's protege came home. She had achieved no mean fame abroad, and was following an already established reputation home. Pendexter she asked in a delightfully grateful letter to him some days before her arrival not to see her until he heard her sing at her first concert. She said she wanted him to be perfectly satisfied with her, and that she would sing that night especially for him. Later, when the date was made, she sent him box seats near the stage, and Pendexter bristling with satisfaction, called upon Brent to go with him.

They made little commotion as they took their seats. Brent looked down upon the glasses leveled at them and smiled.

"I carry my point," he said, "Whatever you may be when this night is over, you are established for life as a philanthropist. That girl has given you all credit due you at any rate. Everybody has been allowed to know that you have made her what she is."

"If only she is what I want her to be," murmured Pendexter, "I have not paid high for her education."

She came on then and silence settled over the house. She was beautiful. She was more than that. She was in every way perfect, as she stood there. She was as gravely composed as when Pendexter had heard her sing in the little church three years before.

"Why she's glorious" muttered Brent, "I wouldn't wonder if after all you'd make good."

Pendexter sat through it in a dream. He wanted to shout, to cry her name aloud. But he waited as patiently as he could until the performance closed. Then he and Brent followed a man who had been sent to conduct them to the singer, and Pendexter at last stood with the seeming embodiment of his ideal close beside him. Her hands were in his. Her lips were parted in grave smiles.

"Did you think it was all right?" she asked. Brent could hardly believe his ears. Pendexter dropped her hands. Her accent, although her speaking voice was charmingly modulated, was careless, provincial in the last degree. The commonplace question became almost flippant on her grave lips.

They recovered themselves and Pendexter sat down near her. She told them briefly of her triumphs abroad, of her delight in her work, and of her gratitude to her patron. Her mistakes in grammar were appalling. It gradually was forced upon them that her improvements had been solely in the direction in which she herself had an interest. In every other way she remained exactly as beautiful and as commonplace as when Pendexter had found her.

An hour later the friends rose to leave her. She detained them, saying that she had yet something to tell them and something to do.

"I always told you about everything," she said to Pendexter, "so I want to let you know myself that I'm going to get married in the spring to Alverro the big tenor. We're going to sing opera in the same company."

Pendexter said quite fervently that he hoped she would be happy.

"You've spent about $50,000, on me clothes, and keep and everything, haven't you?" she went on practically. "I'm grateful, and I'm going to pay it now. Oh, I've got more than that," she added, smiling as he protested. She wrote a check and held it toward him. Pendexter stood looking at it a moment with a sort of whimsical irony. Then he took the bit of paper and put it in his pocket.

They were halfway home before Pendexter spoke.

"Well," he said, sighing a little, "I am no good as an ideal-t. But it's something in there times to be a successful philanthropist."—Boston Post.

Indian Legend About Crows.

The crows were once beautiful birds, loved and adulred by all the fowls of the air. The crows of that time dressed in the most gorgeous colors and their heads were decorated with red feathers that glistened like fire when the sun reflected upon it. The crows had many servants who attended upon them. The woodpecker was the head servant and his helpers were the sap suckers, yellow hammers and the linnets. They faithfully performed their duty of combining the beautiful heads of the crows and would now and then pluck a feather from the crow's head and stick it in their own, at the same time making the excuse that they were pulling at a loosed feather or picking nits from his head.

So one day the crows got very angry at losing their beautiful feathers from their heads and when the servants heard of this they immediately formed a plot against the crows.

So one morning as the servants were attending upon the crows they overpowered them and plucked all of their red feathers from their heads and rolled them in a heap of char coal, thus coloring them black to this very day. Any one can see for himself the crows are not on friendly terms with their former servants for they still possess the red heads that the crows once had. —Red Man.

Symboltsm did not Appeal.

"Charlie," sorrowfully sighed the young lady in the parlor of the concrete house, on Worthington avenue, "it is nearly 12 o'clock."

"Yes, Belinda," was the breathing response of her poetical companion, who was sitting on the sofa beside her, "the minute hand is drawing closer and closer to the hour hand, and when the time of midnight is chimed the two hands will be even as one. Oh, darling Belinda," he continued, as he literally simulated the action of the minute hand, "may not the coming together of those two hands be symbolic of us?"

She broke away and stood firmly on her feet. "No, Charles Henry Smith," she retorted, angrily, "those two hands will remain as one but a single second, and then the minute hand will divorce itself and go on its way alone. No, Mr. Smith, a minute hand that doesn't stick isn't the kind of symbolism I want!"

How Noah Used

The scene was a Scotch schoolroom. A class was being examined in Scripture knowledge by his majesty inspector.

"Can any boy or girl tell me how Noah would be likely to use his time while in the Ark?" he asked.

There was silence for some time, but at length one boy timidly showed his hand, and on being asked what he thought replied:

"Please, sir, he wad fish."

"Well, yes, he might," admitted the inspector.

Presently another little fellow was seen to wave his hand excitedly, and on being asked to speak said:

"Please, he couldna fish verra lang."

"What makes you think so, my little man?" asked the inspector.

"Because there was only two worm in the ark," was the reply.

Gentle Reminder.

They were nearing the corner pharmacy.

"Soda water is a luxury," remarked the young man.

"A great luxury," assented the pretty girl with rising interest.

"And do you think soda-water fountains should be taxed?"

"I do, indeed, George, to their utmost capacity."

And after she had consumed four ice-cream fizzes at ten per George was sorry he had spoken.

Something Durable.

"What kind of cigars will you have?" asked the dealer. "Light, medium or strong?"

"Strong ones, by all means," said the blushing damsel. "Strong enough not to break in the young man's pocket, don't you know."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not in His Line.

"What's this Hetch-Hetchy question?"

I don't think it would interest you, dear boy. It hasn't anything to do with a dance of any kind."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A propos of the season of Atlantic travel, Capt. Simon P. Lee of the Carlinia said the other day in New York: "Yes, what with these wonderful new ships—the biggest, the most palatial, and the fatest that the world has ever seen—an Atlantic passage is now a real joy.

"A steerage passenger from the Mauretania the other day was met at the dock by a cousin.

"'Well, man,' said the cousin to the immigrant, 'I'm glad to see ye. Did ye have a safe passage?'

"'Oh, yes, very safe very pleasant, I assure ye, the immigrant answered. 'The only accident I heerd of was that the ship had broken her record.'"—Washington Star.

"The great poets have done so much to make life easier!" said the earnest young woman. "That's right," replied Mr. Cumtox; "If it weren't for the great poets we'd be stumped many a time for something to write in an autograph album."—Washington Star.

"Came into a fortune, didn't he?" "Yes, a big one." "What's he doin' these days?" "He has become interested in settlement work." "Well that ought to keep him occupied for awhile, he owed everybody."—Houston Post.

The state coal mines of Hungary will be supplied with two thousand electric horse power for light and power.

Maud—Is Jack constant in love? Ethel—No, constantly.—Boston Transcript.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
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Making Change.

To be sure, the change we receive in these days of the high cost of most things does not burden our minds or our pockets over much, yet we should like to receive the little that is coming to us in a more orderly arrangement than is customary in the smaller business transactions of daily life. Usually our change is shot back to a little metal box via a miniature overhead railroad. The clerk pulls the crumpled wad hastily apart to verify the amount, and stuffs it into our hand. That is the system.

If the customer be a woman, well and good, for she stuffs the bill into her bag or pocketbook in very much the same way, and departs. At the end of the day's shopping she sits her down with a scrap of paper and a pencil, makes calculations that would bewilder mathematical astronomer, talking to herself the while, pulls the wads apart, counts the bills, then, her account made up, stuffs them back again in very much the same disorderly condition. The system suits her well; she can even carry pennies among her silver change without a feeling of irritating discomfort.

But with man it is different. He is methodical, fussy even, about the money he carries around with him. He carries his bills neatly folded, usually once lengthwise and once across. He has a finicky way of arranging them face upward, with the denominant in the upper right hand corner, and he keeps the bills of the same denomination together. The cashier in the wire cage of the retail business is not so particular. She—it usually is a she—can handle money upside downward without discomfort or confusion. She apparently puts it away as it happens to come out of the drawer; she certainly takes no cognizance of these male peculiarities in the way in which she makes change. So bewildered man halts in the aisle, intent on bringing order from chaos, blocks up the passage, and is jostled. We know that the bulk of the retail trade of the country is carried on by women with women, who understand each other even in this, but has mere man no rights in the matter? Society is so busy reforming everything it happens to think of can't not start a movement for the orderly arrangement of our change? Provided, of course, that the movement gains the consent and the co-operation of the ladies on both sides of the counter and in the cashier's cage.—New York Tribune.

Spider on the Face Veil.

The spider beauty spot veil is the latest novelty offered to women. Of course it originated in Paris. It is a copy of a spider in black chenille and is posed outside the veil. It is almost an inch and a half in diameter. The veil is worked in imitation of a spider's web.

The veils which have been popular this season so far have been disfiguring enough with their leaves, insects, birds, aeroplanes and scarlike conventional patterns as part of the mesh, but they all sink into insignificance beside the web veil with its spider adornment.

Charlemagne's Poem.

Cardinal Rampolla, in answer to a letter of inquiry as to the Charlemagne manuscript which was recently discovered by him in the Vatican, as announced in this column, says: "There can be no doubt as to its genuineness. It is well known also that he had often expressed himself in poetry, and a good example of his composition and style is the epitaph on Pope Stephen. The discovered document is an elegy on the death of his son, written in Latin, and when found was in two pieces, the joining of which was a laborious task."—London Globe.

After the teacher had trained her class to habits of comparative neatness she instructed them to keep a watchful eye on each other. If hands were soiled, shoes rusty or unevenly laced each embryo Sherlock who noted anything amiss was requested to write on the blackboard, "Somebody's shoes are unlaced" or a similar warning.

One morning every child in the room hastened to the board and wrote, "Somebody's petticoat shows." Forty sentences thus gleefully proclaiming the brazeness of a petticoat moved the teacher to unusual watchfulness, and as one little girl after another crossed the room she kept a sharp lookout for the obtrusive petticoat. But none appeared. So far as she could see, every petticoat present was modestly keeping itself within fashion's bounds. Her enlightenment came when the board was needed for arithmetic. With eraser in hand the teacher faced the class and said:

"Has 'somebody' tidied herself up so that I can now erase the warning?"

"No-o-o!" shrieked every child in triumph. "It's yours, teacher!"—New York Press.

A new-made widow called at the office of an insurance company for the money due on her husband's policy. The manager said:

"I am truly sorry, madam to hear of your loss."

"That's always the way with you men," said she. "You are always sorry when a poor woman gets a chance to make a little money."

A Useful Glass—Waiter—Pardon, sir, but why do you use the magnifying glass?"

Patron—I want to make this steak look normal.

Waiter—When you have finished with it, sir, will you be good enough to let me have it to try on the last tip you gave me.—Comic Cuts.

"I want the office, of course," said the aspiring statesman, "but not unless I am the people's choice." "We can fix that, too," said his campaign manager; only you know it's a good deal more expensive to be the people's choice than it is to go in the compromise candidate." —Chicago Tribune.

"Were the commencement exercises interesting?" "Very. The time was divided between advice from public men on the selection of a career and suggestions from graduates on how to run the government."—Washington Star.

"He pays me a great deal of deference," admitted the girl's father. "Yet you seem dissatisfied." "Yes; I'm afraid that he won't be able to pay any board.'—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Realism on the stage? There is no such thing!" "How now?" "Six months elapse between act 1 and act 2, and yet they have the same cook."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Twain Turned the Tables.

Mark Twain, when he worked in Nevada on "The Virginia City Enterprise," inserted in the news a good many boarding house jokes.

In revenge the humorist's sensitive fellow boarders in Virginia city decided to put up a game on him. They enlisted the landlady's help, and at the Thanksgiving dinner at the boarding house, Mark Twain by a dexterous piece of sleight-of-hand, was served apparently direct from the fowl with a turkey leg of painted wood.

"You've changed your poultry dealer, haven't you, ma'am?" he said.

"Why, no, Mr. Clemens. What makes you think so?"

"This turkey," he answered, giving the wooden drumstick a little whack with his knife, "is about the tenderest morsel I've struck in this house for some months."—Tit-Bits.

Problem was Easily Solved.

An amusing story is being told in social circles in London about a young American woman who was anxious to be presented at a certain European court. Of course, the high officials had to make inquiries about her social status in her own country, and pronounced their veto, says the New York Herald. It could not be done. The daughter of a man who sold boots and shoes could not be received by his majesty at a royal court. The girl was in great distress, and promptly cabled home to her father. Next day she received the following reply:

"Nonsense. It's not selling. Am simply giving them away. See advertisement.

The cablegram she duly presented in the proper quarter, and, although the ending did not seem quite clear to the official mind, it was held to solve the difficulty. So she was presented at court as the daughter of an American gentleman who was noted as a great philanthropist.

He Wasn't Clubbed.

"A man in our neighborhood who used to practise two hours every day on a trombone is laid up in the hospital."

"Serves him right!"

"I know what you think, but you're mistaken. He has typhoid fever."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Took his Tip.

"Twiggs used to be always telling his wife to dry up."

"Yes?"

"So she accordingly took his advice one day, and, as it were, evaporated."

"How was that?"

"She disappeared with another man."

At the Play.

Mrs. Posey—Mercy, Hiram! Them awful society women dress like they were goin' swimmin.'

Mr. Posey—O' course, Jerusha. Hain't you heard th't in the th' swimmin, th' wimmen try to outstrip each other?—Cleveland Leader.

Avoiding Unpleasantness.

"Who gives this young woman away?" asked the minister.

"No use spoiling the party now," spoke up her father. "He'll find out for himself if he's only half as bright as I think he is."

A religious worker was visiting a Southern penitentiary, when one prisoner in some way took his fancy. This prisoner was a negro, who evinced a religious fervor as deep as it was gratifying to the caller.

"Of what were you accused?" the prisoner was asked.

"Dey say I took a watch," answered the negro. "I made a good fight. I had a dandy lawyer, and he done prove an alibi wif ten witnesses. Den my lawyer he shore made a strong speech to de jury. But it wan't no use, sah; I get ten years"

"I don't see why you were not acquitted," said the religious worker.

"Well, sah," explained the prisoner, "dere was shore one weak spot 'bout my defense—dey found de watch in my pocket."—Tit-Bits.

Many delicate compliments have been paid the fair sex by men subtle in speech, but the following comes straight from the heart of an illiterate negro who was married in the South the other day by a white minister. At the conclusion of the marriage the bridegroom asked the price of the service.

"Oh, well," answered the minister, "you can pay me whatever you think it is worth to you."

The negro turned and silently looked his bride over from head to foot, then slowly rolling up the whites of his eyes said:

"Lawd, sah, you has done ruined me for life; you has for sure."—Harper's Monthly.

"I hope you are satisfied with our table, Mr. Idiot," said the landlady.

"In the main, yes," replied the Idiot. "But I really think I ought to register a complaint against yesterday's fishballs, madam."

"Why, I am sorry about that, said the landlady, blushing. What was the matter with them, sir?"

"Mine had a distinctly fishy taste," returned the Idiot.—Harper's Weekly.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you to bring down my scissors, too," said the spoiled wife. "They're on the table in the bedroom. Won't you get them for me?"

"See here," complained the indulgent husband, "I'm tired of waiting on you in this way."

"Are you, dear? Well, just be patient, and I'll let you wait on me in some other way."—Catholic Standard and Times.

"What great wandering body," asks the teacher, "which is largely composed of gas, and which travels at terrific speed and puzzles the scientists while amazing and alarming nearly all its beholders, is now attracting the attention of the entire world?" "Teddy Roosevelt," yawns the fat boy at the end of the row.—Life.

"Jack, dear, mamma has invited us to spend your vacation with her, and you know we haven't a trunk." "We might ask our landlord to let us take his flat with us."—Life.

"They're very formal people. "Very They actually try to maintain table manners at their summer cottage.—Detroit Free Press.

Friend—Is your play up to date? Author—Up to date! Why, the soubrette in it uses a vacuum cleaner.—Boston Transcript.

Travelling on a Time Limit.

A woman having with her a husky looking boy recently boarded a street car on a line that exacts full fare for children over 10 years of age.

When she tendered the conductor the change for one full and one-half fare he looked at the boy suspiciously and inquired:

"How old is that boy, madam?"

"Well," replied the mother, "he will be 10 years old today, but he wasn't born until late in the afternoon."—New York Times.

What She Wanted.

"My wife," sighed the weak-mouthed, give-up-all-hope-looking man, "was not satisfied with having the minister omit the 'obey' clause when we were married."

"What more did she want?" queried the individual with the in-curve nose.

"She wanted the clause inserted in my response," murmured the other speaker, in a tone that proved his wife had not been disappointed.

The Place for Him.

"That French Count the Simpkins girl married is coming over to this country to go in business. He can't live in France—his creditors are so annoying."

"Going into business! Why, they told me he didn't know enough to put up an umbrella when it rains. What in the world can he do?"

"Why, old Simpkins is trying to get him a continuous job at the courthouse—doin jury duty."

Embarrassing.

"Mytilla," said the stern father at the breakfast table, "what line of goods does that young salesman represent?"

"He—he sells automobiles," faltered Mytilla, glancing out of the window.

"He does, eh? Well, I thought perhaps he sold face powder. I saw a sample on his arm when he left last night."

And poor Mytilla blushed redder than the strawberries.

Millionaire (at a "cure" resort)—See here, doctor, I want to get thinner, my wife wants to get fatter, and my daughter wants to remain as she is. Just arrange this, will you? I've plenty of money, don't care what it costs. —Fliegende Blatter

"Who was it that said: "Be sure you're right and then go ahead?" "I don't know," replied Mr. Chuggins. "But he doesn't belong to the chauffeur's union in our town."—Washington Star.

"Say, dad, why did mother join the Browning club? She isn't interested in poetry, is she?" "Nope, but the club meets on Fridays, and she hasn't anything else to do on Fridays"—Buffalo Express.

"A million dollars seems a trifle high, daughter." "But he has a patent of nobility, dad." "Well, let's be a bit cautious. When does this patent expire?"—Louisville Courier-Journal

Browning—Did you sell your automobile for as much as you paid when you bought it. Greening—Well, I sold it for as much as it was worth when I bought it.—Chicago Daily News.

"Yes, I read poetry, but only the humorous kind. I notice that when you buy a magazine, you always read the serious verses!" "Yep—they're so much funnier."—Cleveland Leader.

"Look here—the check you gave me is no good!" "All right, old man—don't get sore at my awkwardness. I'll give you another."—Cleveland Leader.

"I fear the hero of the magazine serial will be bankrupt next month." "Why so?" "He leaves a taxicab waiting in the last chapter."—St. Louis Star.

New Employer—"But why did you leave your last mistress?" New Maid—"Hivens! Did yez expect me to bring her along wid me?"—Cleveland Leader.

Totem—"Franklin once said: 'One that takes a wife takes care.'" Hatten—"Well, that's all right. In taking a wife a man should take care."—Chicago Daily News.

"I can't do without matutinal coffee," said Mrs. Glitterest. "Indeed," said Mrs. Flubber, with a slight air of superiority. "We use Queen of the Harem."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

Last year over 17,000,000 pounds of tobacco and snuff manufactured in the United Kingdom were exported.

The new combination of Smart Weed and Belladonna, as used in Carter's Backache Plasters, has proved to be one of the best that could be made. Try one of these popular plasters in any case of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, neuralgia, soreness of the chest or lungs, and you will be surprised and pleased by the prompt relief. In bad cases of chronic dyspepsia, a plaster over the pit of the stomach stops the pain at once. Ask for Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents.

The colonies of France every year produce half the vanilla beans used in the world.

To be free from sick headache, biliousness, constipation, etc., use Carter's Little Liver Pills. Strictly vegetable. They gently stimulate the liver, and free the stomach from bile.

A 2,000,000 ton hill in Cincinnati is being moved three miles to make a railroad fill.

Mrs. Chas. Smith of Hines, Ohio, writes: I have used every remedy for sick headache I could hear of for the past fifteen years, but Carter's Little Liver Pills did me more good than all the rest.

A level-headed man avoids many ups and downs in life.

A woman who is weak, nervous and sleepless and who has cold hands and feet, cannot feel and act like a well person. Carter's Iron Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness, and give strength and rest.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

No Plated Stuff Wanted.

There was a small crowd at the soda counter when the tall man rushed in and pushed an empty bottle over the drug scales.

"Acid!" he whispered, exactly. "Ten cents' worth of acid, and quick!"

The soda-water crowd began to sit up and take notice.

"What's he going to do with that acid?" demanded one.

"It's a secret," answered the drug clerk.

"Nothing unusual, I hope?"

"Well, rather."

"What! You mean to say he is going to take that acid?"

"Oh, no, Helen. There is a silver wedding at his house to-night and he is going to test the presents as fast as his friends bring them."

And then and there they voted him the meanest man in town.—Chicago News.

Ingalls Enjoyed This One.

The late John J. Ingalls, United States Senator from Kansas, once told with great glee the story of a joke at his own expense, the humor of which, however, he enjoyed as keenly as if he had not been the victim of it.

"I went one evening," said Mr. Ingalls, "to make a political speech in a small town. I presume the people thought I would have difficulty in filling an hour; at any rate, they called upon the village choir to assist.

"I trust that the hymns were selected before my arrival, but of that I cannot be sure. I know that before the talk the choir sang, 'What Shall the Harvest Be?' and after, 'Nothing but Leaves.'"—Youth's Companion.

The Red Shawl.

There lives in Atchinson a woman who has been happily married 40 years and who has raised five children. Recently she was out walking when she caught sight of a peculiarly bright red shawl. The men will snift at what happened next: The woman felt a twinge at her heart; the shawl had reminded her of a girl who had stolen her first lover. The always wore red of that shade. Then the old woman went home, took out her false teeth that she might not swallow them in her grief, and gave herself up to sad memories. We will bet no woman will sniff. An incident like this appeals to the women.—Atchinson Globe.

The Doctor's Fee.

This tale is credited, on high authority, to Ireland. It concerns a doctor, who had so often gone without his fee that he decided to go no more with strangers unless he was paid beforehand. Thereafter came a man by night from some remote hamlet, and demanded aid to his wife. The doctor parleyed from the window. "I must have two guineas first," said he. There were sounds of debate below, and the voice of one counseling the sorrowful husband. "Ah, ye'd better be payin' him. The wake and the funeral would cost ye more."—London Daily Telegraph.

Jollying Him Along.

"Somehow," said the genial railroad official as he seated himself beside the traveller; "there are some things that lead you to appreciate our wonderful improvements for their convenience and comfort."

"Oh, don't worry," laughed the jolly traveller, "there are some things about your road that are always in the public eye."

"I am glad to hear that. And would you mind naming them?"

"The cinders, sir; the cinders."

Dogs as Sentries' Aids.

Lifesaving dogs and police dogs being now established as aids to the authorities, it is proposed to use these intelligent animals to help the soldiers on sentry duty at the great powder magazines.

There have been so many attacks made upon the sentries at night by unknown miscreants that the Ministry of War is carefully considering protecting those who have isolated posts.—From les Sports.

Went the Limit.

His wife had been doing a shopping stunt.

"How much did you spend to-day?" asked her husband.

"Fifty-four dollars and nineteen cents," she replied.

"Oh, was that all?" he queried somewhat ironically.

"Yes," answered the other half of the matrimonial combine with an injured air; "that was all I had."

An Embarassing Word.

"Then," said the reporter, "I'll say several pretty songs were rendered by Miss Packer."

"Oh, gracious no!" replied the hostess; "you mustn't say 'rendered.' You see, her father made all his money in lard."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Tourist's Method.

"Brown is like the rest of the tourists."

"Why so?"

"He spent three weeks in Europe and three years boasting about it afterward."—Detroit Free Press.

Natural Deduction.

Jack—Miss DePayne evidently has a fine sense of humor.

Tom—Why do you think so?

Jack—I caught her in the act of smiling at herself in a mirror this morning.

In Bavaria the postal authorities have adopted an ingenious method of printing stamps in strips vertically. They are then placed on little rollers after the manner of shaving paper rolls. The object is to save time, and no doubt in stamping a large number of letters it is a success. The same may be said in regard to the retailing of stamps. The roll is hitched to a nail or hook and the stamp has only to be detached from one side instead of four, as is the case where they are printed in sheets.—London Globe.

Footpad—"Your watch, mister, and be quick about it." Pedistrian—"Let me pass. I have no time to spare."—Boston Transcript.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the ollowing rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1910.

NOTES.

SHEARMAN—The following notes collected from various sources may be interesting to all those that claim Shearman ancestry.

Eber Shearman, son of Eber and Mary (——) Shearman, was born in North Kingstown, Rhode Island; married Martha Remington, and had

1. Martha, (2) born July 25, 1707; 2. Eber, (3) born May 15, 1709; 3 John, (3) born Oct. 30, 1711; 4. Abigail, (3) born March 22, 1714; 5. William, (3) born December 20, 1716; Henry, (3) born January 14, 1724.

Eber Shearman died at North Kingstown, R. I. His son

Henry (2) Shearman was born January 14, 1724; married Ann, daughter of Dr. Charles Higinbotham and his wife Mary Niles, of South Kingstown, R. I. His children were

1. Nathaniel, (3) born August 15, 1748.
2. John, (3) born October 24, 1750.
3. Mary, (3) born March 11, 1753.
4. Charles, (3) born February 1, 1756. (No mention of him on North or South Kingstown records. Probably lived elsewhere.)
5. Henry, (3) born March 31, 1759.
6. Martha, (3) born March 9, 1762.
7. Sarah, (3) born March 29, 1765.

From Records of North Kingstown, and from Vital Records copied by Mr. James N. Arnold, it appears that Henry (2) Shearman married twice, his second wife being Mary Shearman, widow of Sylvester. "Henry, of Eber, deceased, and Mary Shearman, widow of Sylvester, married April 16, 1778."—Vital Records of North Kingstown, page 41.

They had son Beriah (3) recorded in North Kingstown.—Vital Records, page 98. Henry Shearman deeded to son Beriah, an infant, for his better livelihood and bringing up, land in North Kingstown; bounded west, on highway; south west on land of James Sherman; north and north east on land belonging to heirs of John Sweet. Dated April 11, 1793; recorded Dec. 4, 1793.—Vol. 15 A, page 256, North Kingstown Land Evidence.

Henry (2) Shearman, of North Kingstown, yeoman, quit-claimed all right in land left to Stephen, Freeborn and James, by their father Sylvester Shearman to above Stephen, Freeborn and James; dated May 8, 1790.—Vol. 15 A, page 74.

Henry's (2) son
Nathaniel (3) Shearman was born August 15, 1748, in South Kingstown, Rhode Island, married Lucy Tisdale, of William, of Exeter, Rhode Island, and is said to have died at sea in 1775. There is no mention of him on the Kingstown and Exeter records.

HENRY (2) SHEARMAN'S SON JOHN (3) SHEARMAN.

DEED—Eber Shearman to son Henry, (2) for love and affection, etc., land in North Kingstown, bounded south on highway, west on land of grantor (other boundaries gone). Dated Dec. 14, 1758; recorded July 26, 1759.——North Kingstown Land Evidence, Vol. 11 A, page 65.

DEED—Henry (2) and Anne, of South Kingstown, to brother John (2) Shearman, of,—— yeoman, land in North Kingstown, bounded south on highway (other boundaries gone). Dated March 8, 1768; recorded July 14, 1768.—— North Kingstown Land Elvedence, Vol. 11 B, page 153.

DEED—John (2) Shearman and wife Freelove of —— Kingstown, to Henry (2) Shearman, land in North Kingstown, 40 feet square, where said Henry (2) is now building a house, bounded north, east and west on grantor, south on highway. Dated April 20, 1775; recorded Nov. 7, 1778.—— North Kingstown Land Evidence, Vol. 13 B, page 136.

DEED—Henry (2) Shearman, of North Kingstown, to son John, (3) land in North Kingstown, 40 feet square, with dwelling house, bounded easterly by land of my brother John, (2) north and west by land of my brother John, south by highway. Mary, wife of said Henry, (2) gives up her right of dower. Sworn to Aug. 9, 1784, recorded April 23, 1785.—— North Kingstown Land Evidence, Vol. 14 B, page 83.

DEED—John (2) and Freelove to John (3) son of Henry, (2) half an acre of land in North Kingstown, bounded north, west and east on land of grantor, south on highway and partly on land of said John, (3) son of Henry. (2) Dated June 27, 1786.—North Kingstown Land Evidence, Vol. 14 B, page 173.

WILL—John (2) Shearman, dated August 2, 1790; mentioned wife Freelove; eldest son John (3) Shearman, land bounded south on highway and on land of John (3) son of Henry, (2) west on land of James Rose, north on land of William Shearman, east on land of John (maker of will).—North Kingstown Probate Records, Vol. 12, 120.

DEED—John (3) and Deborah, of North Kingstown, to John H. (3) Shearman, of North Kingstown, yeoman, land in North Kingstown, bounded easterly on land of John H. (3) Shearman. Dated December 10, 1793.—— North Kingstown Land Evidence, Vol. 15 B, page 84.

DEED—John (3) and Deborah, of North Kingstown, to John H. (3) Shearman, land in North Kingstown, bounded easterly on land of John H. (3) Shearman. Dated December 17, 1791—Vol. 15 B., 85.

DEED—Nathaniel (4) J. and Nancy Sherman, to Lowry (4) Sherman, land in North Kingstown, south on highway, east and north on John W. Sherman's land, all this land received by deed from my father John H. (3) Sherman, by deed dated June 6, 1809 Dated Dec. 11, 1812; recorded February 12, 1813. North Kingstown land Evidence, Vol. 16 B, page 280.

DEED. John H. (3) Shearman, to Nathaniel (4) Shearman, "for his better livelihood," and bounded south on highway, east and north on land of John W. (3) Sherman, west on land of Arnold Sherman. Recorded June 7, 1809.—(Deed referred to above.)—Vol. 18 A, page 64.

John (3). Sherman of Henry (2) married Lydia Whitford, April 24,——. ——Arnold's Vital Records, Vol. 5, page 41.

Children of John, (3) son of Henry, (2) and Lydia Sherman:
1. Sarah, (4) born and died——.
2. Sarah, (4) born August 12,——.
3. Lorey, (4) born Sept. 4,——
4. Nathaniel, (4) born July 1,——.
5. Anne, (4) born Mar. 20,——; died May 10, 1753.——Arnold's Vital Records of Rhode Island, Vol. 5, page 97.

DEED. John H. (3) Sherman and wife Lydia, to Nathaniel J. (4) Sherman, June 7, 1809.——Vol. 18 A, page 64.

DEED. Nathaniel J. (4) Sherman, of North Kingstown, shopkeeper, to John H. Sherman, of North Kingstown, yeoman, and Lydia, his wife, June 6, 1809.——Vol. 18 A, page 64.

Lydia Sherman, wife of John H. (3) Sherman, died December 4, 1809, aged 70 years.—Tombstone on the old homestead of Eber and Martha (Remington) Shearman.

John H. (3) Sherman, of North Kingstown, and Lucy Sheldon, of Exeter, married at Exeter, Sept. 5, 1810.——Vital Records, Vol. 5, page 29. (Exeter.)

DEED. John H. (3) Sherman, of Exeter, and Lucy his wife, to Lowry (4) Sherman. Recorded Feb. 12, 1813. ——N. K. Land Evidence, Vol. 18 B, page 281.

Lowry (4) Sherman married Abigail Potter, April 11, 1797.—Newport MERCURY of that date.

Administration of estate of Lowry (4) Sherman granted to Sylvester G. (5) Sherman, December 29, 1828. Recorded December 30, 1828.——North Kingstown Probate Records, Vol. 25, page 226.

Inventory of Lowry (4) Sherman presented by Abigail, widow of Lowry, (4) January——, 1829.——Vol. 25, page 226.

In Wickford, suddenly, on the 6th. instant, Mr. Nathaniel J. (4) Sherman, father of the Hon. S. G. (5) Sherman and for many years a merchant in that village, in the 79th. year of his age. ——Providence Journal, Thursday, Jan. 10, 1850.

DEED—Lucy Sherman to Lowry, (4), quitclaimed her dower and power of thirds, April 25, 1823.——Vol. 23, page 22, N. K. Land Evidence.

Sylvester Gardiner (5) Sherman, born 1802, died Jan. 3, 1868.—Biographical Cyclopedia of Rhode Island, page 341.

Sylvester G. (5) Sherman, son of Nathaniel J., died Jan. 8, 1868.—Deaths recorded in Providence, R. I., page 518, City Registrar's Report.

Sumner Upham (6) Sherman, born August 27, 1839, at North Kingstown, R. I., son of Sylvester (5) G. and Mary E. Shearman; residence North Kingstown; father born at Exeter, R. I.; mother born at Weathersfield, Conn.

William Dennis Upham (6) Shearman, born July 6, 1843, son of above Sylvester (5) and Mary.—— Record of Births, North Kingstown, R. I.—E. M. T.

QUERIES.

6472. ROGERS—What was the maiden name of Patience, wife of Jeremaih Rogers of Newport, R. I. She died Sept. 28, 1802, aged 86 years. He died about 1761 5. Their children, born Middletown, R. I., were Thomas, b. May 29, 1739, Mary b. March 15, 1740, Elizabeth b. Aug. 17, 1743, Sarah born Nov. 23, 1745, Ruth, b. July 22, 1747, James, b. Nov. 9, 1749, Patience, b. 1752, and prob. Jeremiah, who married Fannie Hoxie in 1783. They were in Tiverton, R. I., 1750, returned to Newport a few years later. Who was Jeremaih Rogers Sr.? Any information of this family will be gladly received.—R. H. T.

6473. RICHARDSON—Information is wanted as to the family connections of William Richardson, "mariner", who married Amy Borden, in Rhode Island, March 27, 1678. He was the father of Thomas Richardson, Treasurer of the Colony in 1757. Can the connection be traced between the above William R. and Francis Richardson, who was at one time a merchant in Boston, and who moved to New York, from that city. His will was proved in Boston, Feb, 17, 1688.—J. P. M.

6474. PAUL—Information solicited concerning: 1. Birthplace and parentage of William Paul who left Gravesend, Eng., June 10, 1635, aged 20, in the ship True love de London, for Bermudas. He settled at Taunton, Mass., 1637. 2. Descendants of Zebulon Paul, born Dighton, Mass., 1754, son of William Paul and Hannah Phillips. He was administrator at Dighton in 1795 for his brother, Seth Paul, who left lands in Lower Canada. 3. Descendants of Paul, Berkeley, Mass., 1789, removed to Georgia, had children Omar H. Paul and Alathea Paul at Augusta, 1852. Information solicited concerning descent of every family named Paul or Paull.—E. G. D.

6475. CHAPMAN, KEIGHN—Brenton Chapman, son of Peleg, and Mary, of Newport, R. I., married Rebecca Keighn about 1780 and had Elizabeth, Peleg and Rebecca. Rebecca, widow of Brenton Chapman, died Newport, R. I., Jan. 16, 1813, aged 52. Any information relative to Brenton Chapman or of the parents of his widow is solicited.—H. R. C.

6476. STILES—Samuel Stiles, born at Boxford, Mass., in 1632, may have married (as second wife) Abigail Pendleton, either in Windham Co., Conn., or in Rehoboth, R. I., some time between 1714 and 1743. A record of this marriage is wanted, or of any marriage of a woman named Pendleton to a man named Stiles, that may be found in any of the towns formerly included in Rehoboth, R. I., or in any town belonging to Windham Co., Conn. I also desire to know the date and place of birth of John Stiles, son of——Stiles and Abigail Pendleton. Also, date and place of marriage of the said John Stiles and Lucy Johnson (their eldest son, Reuben, was born 1761). Also, date and place of marriage, and record of child, of Moses Stiles and Phebe, his wife; undoubtedly the same Moses Stiles who was living at Windham, Conn., in 1730-32, and received deed of land at Ashford, Conn., in 1735.—B. H. C.

Carr's List.

THE TAMING OF RED BUTTE, WESTERN, By Francis Lynde.
ON THE BRANCH, By Pierre de Coulevain.
DR. THORNE'S IDEA, By John Ames Mitchell, Author of Amos Judd.
BOY SCOUTS IN AMERICA, By Ernest Thompson Seton and Lieutenant General Sir Robert S. S. Baden Powell
THE FASCINATING MRS. HALTON, By E. F. Benson.

Also a nice line of "Chanticleer" Note paper and Correspondence Cards, In Rhode Island Red, Tan and Orange.

Phone 633. DAILY NEWS BUILDING

FIFTY PATTERNS
TO CHOOSE FROM IN
METAL BEDS.

Do not underestimate the great advantage of selecting your Metal Bed at Titus's where every one of the fifty patterns shown are distinctly out of the ordinary in design. The exclusive features will lend individuality to the furnishings of the whole bedroom. Each example was carefully selected with a view of avoiding the commonplace.

The One Advertised is All Brass---$27.

A moment's study will reveal the unusual nature of one pleasing pattern in an all brass bed, the head of which measures 63 inches from floor to top—the foot is 40 inches high. The Titus fair prices for all—brass beds range upward from $12. It is worthy of more than passing notice that we offer the bed at considerably less than its actual worth

$27.00

A. C. TITUS CO.,

225-229 THAMES STREET, - NEWPORT, R. I.

To WASHINGTON and the SOUTHLAND.
TWO LUXURIOUS TRAINS

FEDERAL EXPRESS — COLONIAL EXPRESS

Through service. You pass through New York without changing cars. To ladies traveling alone this is a great advantage.
These trains are splendidly equipped—vestibuled buffet parlor cars and dining car in either direction.

FEDERAL EXPRESS
Daily, Sundays included.
Through sleeping cars between Boston and Philadelphia and Washington. Due Washington at 9.45 a. m. Prompt connection for all Southern Winter Resorts.

COLONIAL EXPRESS
Daily except Sundays.
Due Washington 9.41 p. m. Dining car between Boston and South Norwalk. Through sleeping car connection at Washington for principal Winter Resorts.

Excursion Tickets Now On Sale.
For information write A. B. Smith, General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

W.M. E. BRIGHTMAN,
169 THAMES STREET.

Members of the Telephoned Home are up to date.

Some friend is sure to call when any event in which you are interested is to happen.

Telephone Service gets people together, cements friendship and is always available to meet every emergency promptly.

Has your home a telephone?

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,
LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE, 131 Spring St., Newport, R. I.

Mean Knock.

Stubb—In Paris the telephone girls say "I listen," instead of "Hello." Wonder why they don't say "I listen" here?

Penn—Maybe they don't listen.

Yes, my little boy," said the pretty settlement worker, good behavior always pays." "That's what me dad says," responded the tough lad in the blue overalls. "He's doing time an' gets two months off every year for good behavior."—Chicago Daily News.

What's the trouble? Can't you make the prisoner walk the plank?" Lieutenant—No, cap; he absolutely refuses to be a part of the spectacle unless we guarantee him a percentage of the moving-picture receipts.—Puck.

"So Gazzam died suddenly. Was it the heat?" "Well—incidentally." "What do you mean by incidentally?" "He kept asking people if it was hot enough for them."—Baltimore American.

Jack—"I hear you had some money left you." Tom—"Yes; it left me quite a while ago."—Boston Transcript.

Her Father—Blanche, why doesn't Mr. Linger go home earlier? Blanche—I'm why, Dad!

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 25th, 1910.

Estate of William A. Peckham, Jr.

JOEL PECKHAM, Guardian of the person and estate of William A. Peckham, Jr., minor, presents his third account with the estate of said ward, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the fifteenth day of August next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.
7-30-3w

Newport Casino.

The U. S. NATIONAL LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT
WILL BEGIN
Monday, August 15.

Play will be called each day at 10.30 A. M. The principal matches will be played every day on the Championship court in front of the Grand Stand.
Season tickets for TENNIS and the HORSE SHOW grand Stands are on sale at the Casino Office.

"Meet Me at Barney's."

Mark well the difference between
the PIANOS we sell
and those others offer.

By buying of us you not only get a better PIANO but save a substantial sum of money.

BARNEY'S
Music Store,
140 Thames Street.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., July 19, A. D. 1910.

Estate of John B. Pell, non-resident.

JULIA A. B. PELL, of the City, County and State of New York, Executrix of the last will and testament of John B. Pell, late of said City of New York, deceased, presents of this Court her petition in writing, together with an exemplified copy of said will and of the probate thereof under the seal of the Surrogate's Court, within and for the County of New York, in the State of New York, before which Court said will has been proved, and requesting that said copies may be filed and recorded in the Registry of the Probate Court of said Town of Middletown, according to law, said deceased having left real estate in said Town, whereon said will may operate.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the fifteenth day of August next, A. D. 1910, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury*.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.
7-23-4w

NOTICE
To Taxpayers!

OFFICE OF COLLECTOR OF TAXES,
City Hall, Newport, R. I.

The tax bills for 1910 are now in my hands for collection and must be paid on or before August 31, 1910.

The time allowed by the Representative Council for the payment of this tax expires on the thirty-first day of August, 1910, and according to said ordinance (as authorized by the laws of the State), all taxes not paid on or before that date shall carry, until collected, a penalty at the rate of 12 per centum per annum.

Checks accepted.

Office hours 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.

E. W. HIGBEE, Collector of Taxes.
7-9-tf

RHODE ISLAND
STATE COLLEGE.

STANDARD COURSES IN
Agriculture, Engineering, Applied Science, Home Economics — B. S. Degree
SHORT COURSES (Two Years) in
Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Domestic Economy — Certificate

Free Tuition. Excellent Equipment. Board $3.75 per week; lodging, heat, light, 84 cents per week.
Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. Location beautiful, healthful and accessible.
Address STATE COLLEGE, Kingston, R. I.
7-23-tf

New England Navigation Co.

FOR NEW YORK—
ALL WATER ROUTE

FALL RIVER LINE, Leave Long Wharf, Newport, week days at 9.15 P. M.; Sundays 10 P. M. Steamers COMMONWEALTH and PRISCILLA. Orchestra on each.

For New York and Points on the New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R. via Wickford Junction.

WICKFORD LINE—
WATER and RAIL ROUTE
Steamer GENERAL
from Long Wharf.

	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Week days only				
Newport (Str.) lv.	9.50	1.05	4.05	7.00
Wickford Jun. ar.	11.15	2.15	5.15	8.32
Wickford Jun. lv.	11.40	2.38	7.01	9.00
New London, ar.	12.45	3.45	8.03	10.30
New Haven, ar.	1.58	4.56	9.10	11 55
New York, ar.	3.50	7.00	11.00	a1.55
	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.

aArrives Harlem River Station.

For Block Island, Stonington and Providence.
ALL WATER ROUTE
STEAMER NEW SHOREHAM
"MEAL SERVICE ALA CARTE"

Week days leave Long Wharf, Newport, 10.55 a. m. Due Block Island 12.50 p. m. Stonington 2.40 p. m. Returning leaves Stonington 2.50 p. m. Block Island 4.40 p. m. Due Newport 6.35 p. m. Providence 8.30 p. m. Sundays leaves Newport 11.40 a. m. Due Block Island 1.40 p. m. Returning leave Block Island 8.30 p. m. Due Newport 5.15 p. m., Providence 7.15 p. m. No service to Stonington on SUNDAYS.

For tickets, staterooms, parlor car seats, apply at City ticket office, 320 Thames St., at Wharf Offices and Purser's office on steamers.
C. C. Gardner, Agent, Newport, R. I.
F. C. Coley, A. G. P. A., New York.
1-8

CITY OF NEWPORT.

NOTICE.

ALL Hackney Carriage Licenses, Hackney Carriage Driver's Licenses, Wagon Licenses and Wagon Driver's Licenses now in force under the provisions of Chapters 86 and 87 of the Ordinances of this City will expire on May 26, 1910.

All persons desiring any of the above mentioned licenses for the year beginning with the first Monday in May, 1910, will make application therefor at the office of the Chief of Police, on or before May 2nd, 1910, that the same may be considered by the Board of Aldermen at the meeting of the said Board to be held May 24, 1910.

By order of
JAMES R. CHOWLEY, Chief of Police.
4-30-tf

IT'S IT.

Cheapest and Best
Will not taint Water
Acid and Alkali Proof
Waterproof and time-defying
Requires no coating for many years
Coated both sides, won't rot underneath
Can be used on steep or flat roofs
Can be applied over old roofs
Elastic and Pliable
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WHAT IS IT?
CONGO
Never-Leak
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WHO DOES IT?
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STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

State Board of Public Roads.

Notice to Automobilists.

The State Board of Public Roads will be at the Court House, Newport, R. I., every Thursday, beginning May 27th, 1909, for the purpose of registering Automobiles, and issuing Operators' Licenses from 10.00 a. m. to 4.00 p. m.
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Stocks and bonds bought and sold for cash or carried on margin.
8-26-tf